

ADDBUSTERS

JOURNAL OF THE MENTAL ENVIRONMENT >> MAR/APR 2002 >> NO. 40

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VOL. 10 NO. 2 MAR/APR 2002



So this guy comes to the door one day and asks if we'd like to make a few bucks. Turns out he works for the office complex across the street, and they're trying to cut security costs. They wonder could we keep an eye on things — I guess they noticed I'm out of work. The idea is, we keep a video screen in our kitchen that connects to their surveillance cameras, and we call them if we see anything suspicious. So the first day I'm watching the screens flip by, and one of the cameras is pointed right at our house! Well, they said it was mistake, they'd turn that one off, but we said don't bother. Now it's just routine. Fifty bucks a day for doing nothing. —“Dan”



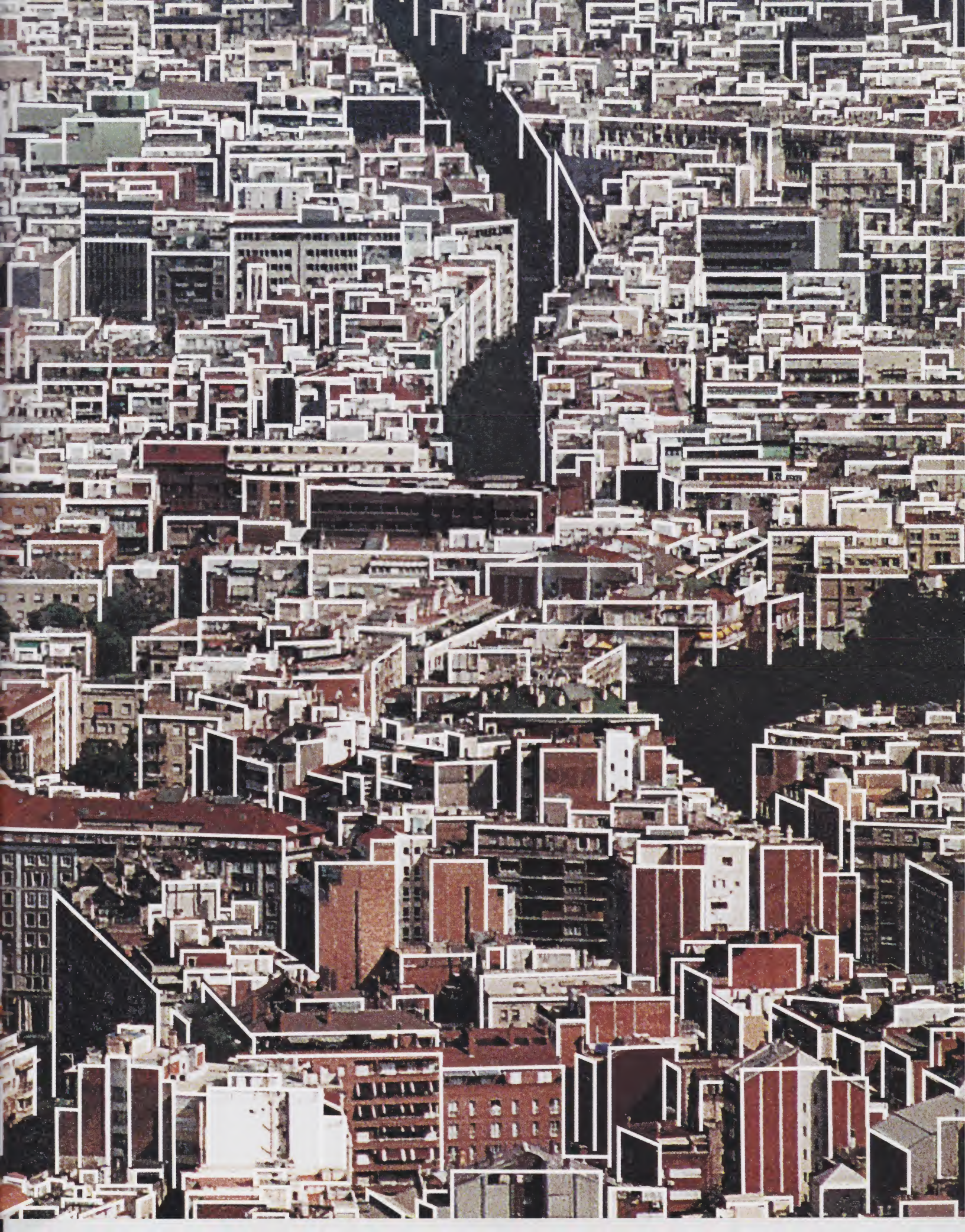






home
↑
store
↙ ↘
home work





#6 HOW TO: SERVE THE PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE (Grande Caffe Americano)

- Using Starbucks "Insta Hot" water tap, fill a 16 fl. oz. cup with hot water to 1/2 inch from the top.
- At this point, the customer may mention, for example, that s/he enjoys Starbucks coffee but that the coffee at her office is not worth drinking.
- Add three shots espresso. Incorporate the shots into the drink within 10 seconds of brewing.
- Would s/he want to buy a thermos to fill with Starbucks coffee for the office every day?



caffe mocha (caf-ay' mo'-kah)

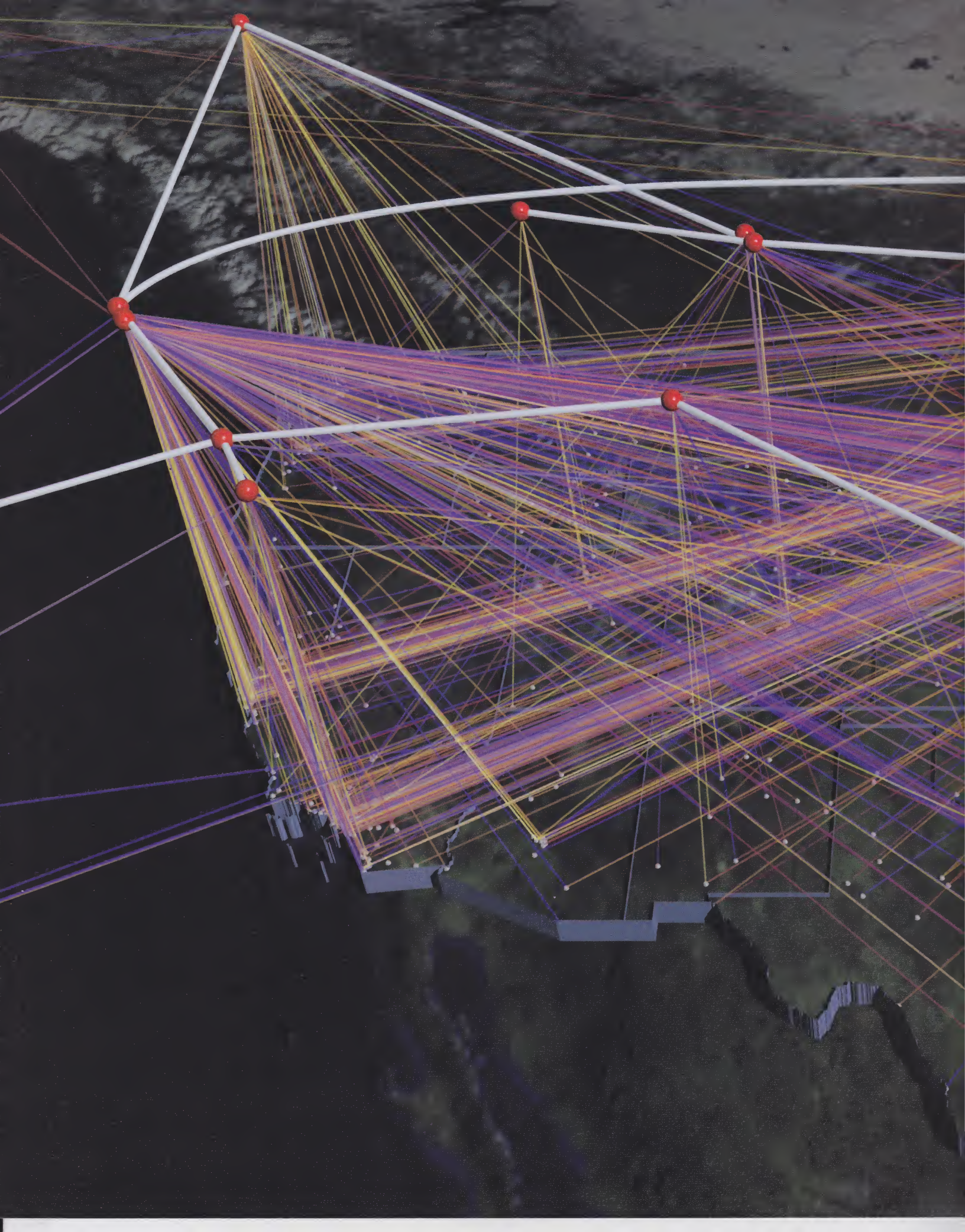
For variations please see...
 • FLAVORED BEVERAGES
 • ICED CAFFE MOCHA

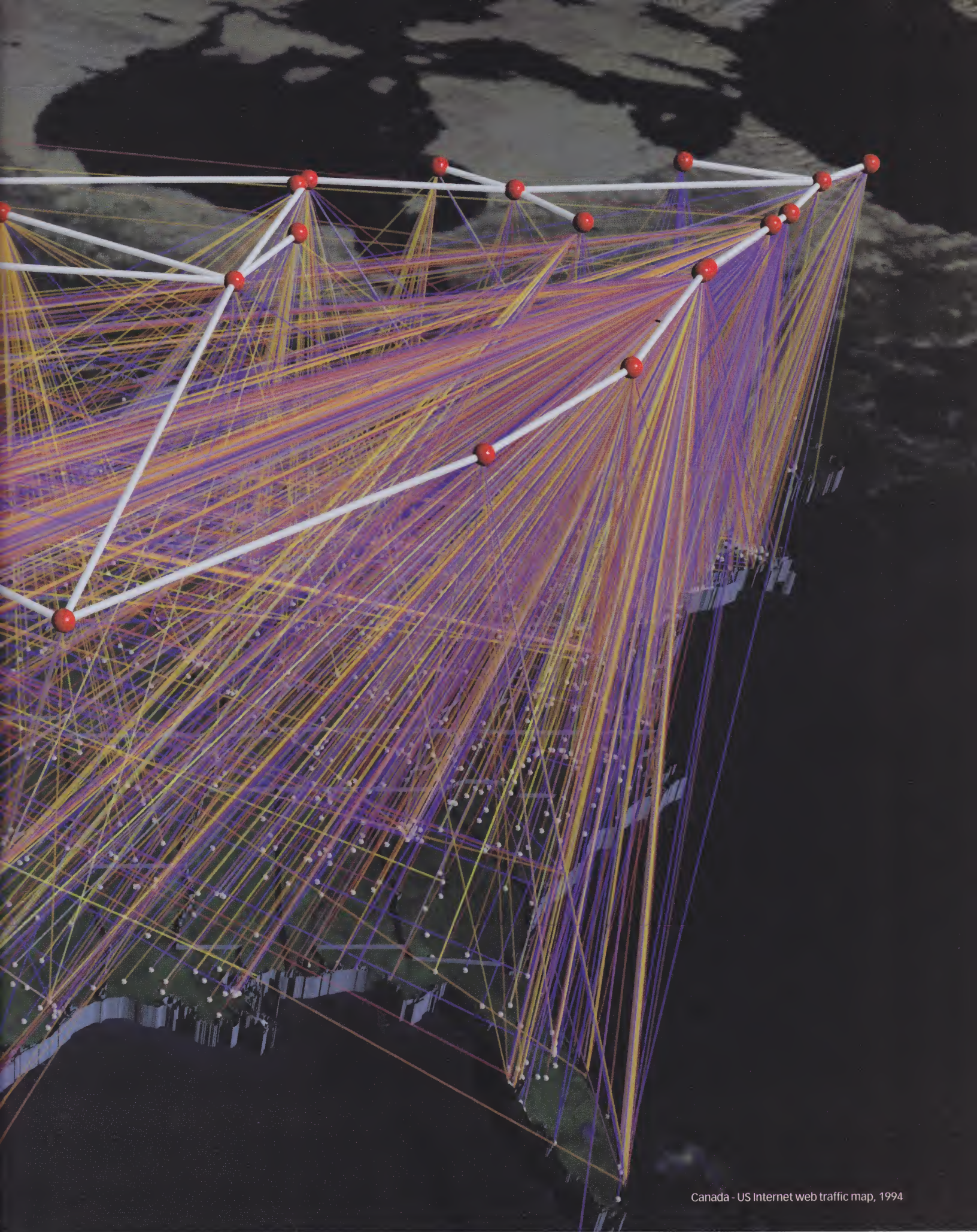


size fluid ounces	SHORT 8 fl. oz.	TALL 12 fl. oz.	GRANDE 16 fl. oz.	VENTI 20 fl. oz.
OTHER chocolate powder			
WHIPPED CREAM top with whipped cream			
STEAMED MILK fill with steamed milk			
ESPRESSO	1 shot	1 shots	2 shots	2 shots
MOCHA SYRUP	2 pumps 1 fl. oz.	3 pumps 1.5 fl. oz.	4 pumps 2 fl. oz.	5 pumps 2.5 fl. oz.

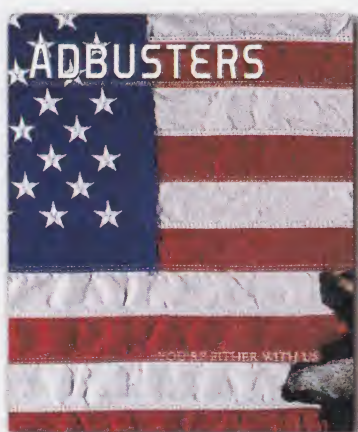
*Quality Tips: Heat milk to between 150-170° F.







Canada - US Internet web traffic map, 1994



America, where was your “Christian” outrage and MTV-style grieving in 1994 while genocide was happening in Rwanda? You are a fanatical, immature, hypocrite of a nation that wants to drive SUVs even though your country has no oil. I lost a friend on Sept. 11, and I’m grieving, not spending, because I would rather live in a shitty economy than a shitty country. And guess what? I’m not a “communist,” and I will never leave America.

BRAD CTIBOR

I was shocked to see the most recent issue of *Adbusters* being taken off the shelves of a Wild Oats market in Santa Monica. A customer complained about the flag image on the front and all copies were immediately taken down!

DORSEY ROE
Los Angeles, California

Epiphany indeed [*Adbusters*#39]. Thank you. Thank you for getting it, thank you for adding to the faint voices of dissent, of alternative thought (of reason?). On September 11 my overwhelming thought was that nothing would be the same again – and yet everything is exactly the same over two months later, terrifyingly so. The visuals in the issue are so striking, so obvious. Could we send a copy to every member of the US government? Would they “get it” too?

NIKKI REIMER
Calgary, Alberta

I have to express my disappointment about a segment of the latest issue. You put Ariel Sharon in your section of terrorists and have a picture of Yasser Arafat donating blood with the word “sincerity.” I’m not condoning Sharon’s activities at Sabrah and Shatila, but do not simply ignore Arafat’s past.

The only thing sincere about Arafat is his desire to kill Jews and take over Israel. He is a terrorist in the truest sense of the word. He has brutally murdered hundreds of innocent Jews, not to mention the dozens of Palestinians whom he has illegally incarcerated. Have some integrity. Don’t just forget about his crimes because you have succumbed to

the anti-Israel bias of the mainstream media that you claim to oppose.

SIMON WAXMAN
Newton, Massachusetts

While it’s crucial that we consider different perspectives concerning the attacks on the US and subsequent bombing of Afghanistan, “What Could Have Been” is an unbearably naïve piece of writing. Anyone stupid enough to think that the UN Security Council could have solved this issue is probably the same kind of person who sent out email petitions about the Taliban’s mistreatment of women – as if the Taliban actually gave a squat what you or I or the UN thought. True, the US desperately needs to examine its global behavior (which I think is at the core of what *Adbusters* has been saying all along), but the “No War” rally cry is a hollow, if not outright childish reaction. The real danger now lies in the fact that much of the progress we (i.e., people who read this magazine) have made over the past few years may be lost due to infighting, and you’re only driving the wedge deeper.

RICHARD BAIMBRIDGE
New York, New York

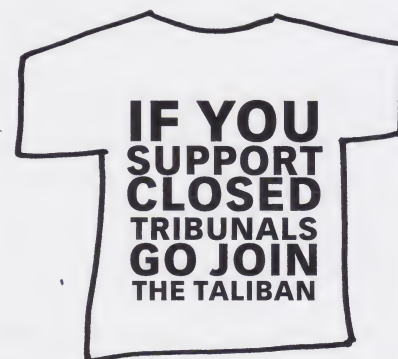
I was happy to see the *faux* 9-11 speech, “What Could Have Been.” What I got was a speech that was stirring and authentic and brought tears to my eyes. I was moved not because I want so badly to hear that kind of content coming out of our politicians’ mouths (though I do), but because it is so obvious that the deeply rooted power structure in this

country makes such a speech nothing near an actual possibility. I cried upon reading it because it put into sharp relief how bad it really is here – that it’s impossible for the doves’ existence even to be acknowledged by the dominant forces. I am reminded of how far we have to go, and of the despair that many of us in the US hold for the possibility of peace in our or our children’s lifetimes.

SEAN FEIT
San Francisco, California

I am baffled and amazed to find letters to the editor that go something like this: “Sure I agree with what *Adbusters* is saying and doing, but now there’s a war on, and with the economy in the toilet . . . maybe we should lay off for a while.” This is an insidious form of doublespeak, i.e., “I’d be for peace if it weren’t for this war.” What is revealed in such sentiments is not the failure to toe some imagined party line, but the spectacular lack of courage to envision another way to live.

BLACKJACK
Boulder, Colorado



The page that tied children's pictures of American firefighters in with the number of children who die of hunger every day was a well put, but bleak, statement. You offered no solution. Why not post in your magazine a few addresses of organizations like Salvation Army, the Red Cross, Food Not Bombs, etc. Tell us where to direct a ray of hope.

GRAY
Little Rock, Arkansas

Wal-Mart has provided "United We Stand" red, white and blue stickers for employees to wear on their name badges, as well as buttons for their vests. One employee, whom I know personally, was reprimanded for wearing a sticker he printed on his computer with a picture of a purple ribbon on it and the slogan "No More Blood." He was told to remove it or be terminated because it violated the company's dress code policy – no slogans on clothing – and could offend customers. I guess all the "God Bless America" t-shirts and company-provided propaganda don't count.

MAGGIE BAILEY
Roanoke, Virginia

It's time for you to do an overall meme check on your use of war metaphors. Your magazine is loaded with terms like "Meme Warfare," "Battle of the Mind," "Mind Bombs," and "The Information War." If you cannot imagine metaphors that are as exciting as war metaphors, how can you ever hope to achieve infinite peace?

Can you recruit people into your revolution without resorting to the "cool" of rebel-chic and the metaphors of violence? If not, then maybe you consider violence cool on some unconscious level.

LARRY NOCELLA
Collegeville, Pennsylvania
Edmonton, Alberta

I have little reservation in sympathizing with your resistance to the "war on terrorism." I do not, however, appreciate nor see the validity in your depiction of "evil" through an image of an Afghan woman being shot. This image, this reality, is horrific, and does not, I believe, fit in your farce of American ideology. In criticizing the United States and our blind

binaries between good and evil, we need not equate the terrorism women face under the Taliban with our western views about resistance.

SUMMER STARLING
Greensboro, North Carolina

I hear too many Americans cheer when a bomb hits an Afghanistan target on their TV screens. Many say things like "Nuke 'em," or "Kill their children now before they grow up." I don't have to go to Afghanistan to hear a voice dripping with hatred. What is so scary about the tape of Osama bin Laden (assuming it is genuine) is that he sounds so much like us. Listen to the cold-hearted rhetoric and detached language of our own leaders as hundreds are killed in Afghanistan. They speak the same eerie language and perform the same awful deeds, with the exception that terrorists – having no recognized army – typically target civilians.

P. MARI
Utica, Michigan

Thank you for the moving article about what would happen if people disappeared from the Earth ["Seven Days" by Douglas Coupland, *Adbusters* #39]. The ending made me cry. To think that catastrophes similar to that are actually plausible!

TREVOR S. MALONEY
Boston, Massachusetts

"Terrorist or Freedom Fighter?" [*Adbusters*#39] is a good piece and I agree with its analysis, but there is a factual error: the Chilean dictatorship under General Augusto Pinochet snuffed approximately 3,000 people, not 30,000 as it says in the article. Tens of thousands more were tortured, maimed, roughed up, terrorized and illegally imprisoned, and a quarter of a million became refugees.

CHRIS BRADY
Corvallis, Oregon



I felt inspired to write some haiku:

*Being urged to spend
Laid off since May now winter
Still love my country*

MATT LIPSTEIN
New York, New York

I love the magazine, but why on Earth did you choose that WWII car-sharing poster ["Have you really tried to save gas by getting into a car club?," *Adbusters*#39], when this one (below) would have been infinitely more appropriate?

QUENTIN FAI



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Creative Director Mike Simons
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1243 West 7th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V6H 1B7, Canada
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MENTAL ENVIRONMENTALISM

Your mental environmental issue [Adbusters#38] was inspiring, but I was

disappointed by the narrowness of perspectives in the "Nine Pioneers" section – heavy on the academic white men. Dig deeper: songwriters, musicians, Hakim Bey, lesser-knowns. There's a broader base of support in this movement, and this section could've done a better job attesting to that.

MIRIAM STUCKY
 Peterborough, Ontario

I was nothing less than moved and inspired by the revision to Article 19 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights that appeared in Adbusters#38: *"Every human being has the right to communicate in any medium. This right includes freedom of opinion and expression, and the right to seek, receive and impart information, regardless of frontiers."*

Given that, I felt slightly robbed not to see these words written anywhere on your website, nor any plan on how to bring this idea to people's consciousness. I am more than happy to contact a few media execs or write to the FCC. The problem is that not enough people know they're getting fucked. Your visionary piece is a tool. Let's work on getting the word out!

KRIS HERMES
 South Gate, California

I loved Adbusters until I started noticing things like this: "In the physical environment, sex brings genes together, to combine and replicate. In the mental environment, memes behave much the same way" ["Infodiversity," Adbusters#38]. I've been having sex for around 20 years now, and in that physical environment, my genes have never really got together with my lover's genes. No combining, no replicating. Such a tragic thing, to narrow the fabulously broad word "sex" to an eggs and sperm contest. Suggestion: identify heterosexual presumptions where they lie. "In the

physical environment, heterosexual sex brings genes together." Why not?

RACHEL MCLAUGHLIN
 Hamburg, Germany

"Cat Burglars & Hustlers," [Adbusters#38] misses the mark entirely. In his ignorant analysis of the relationship between graffiti and hip-hop, Buford Youthward attacks the credibility of many graffiti writers who live hip-hop. Graffiti isn't hip-hop? Get it straight: rap, break dance, turntablism and graffiti are the four elements of hip-hop culture.

Hip-hop arose among urban youth of limited means and great hunger for artistic expression. There is something unique in using your parents' turntables to make music and taking a public surface as the canvas for your art. It's being a broke urbanite and commandeering what's readily available to create something fresh.

Once popular culture embraced hip-hop, next came the rape of its elements. We witnessed the emergence of gangsta and bling-bling mentalities in rap, break dancers in Britney Spears' videos, and rock groups with break-beat-spinning DJs. Meanwhile, relatively unexploited graffiti spread from the city to the suburbs and all over the world. Graffiti began losing its roots, but many purists still maintain its place among the remains of hip-hop culture. The spoken language of hip-hop is continually encrypted in urban calligraphy.

DAVID CYMERMAN
 Chicago, Illinois

I would appreciate it if you would source all of your information. I'm especially interested in your reference to a GMO that could have killed life on Earth, in "Bio-Terror" [Adbusters#39]. A fact such as that is very valuable if it can be substantiated, but is otherwise worthless.

ALLAN DAFOE

The experimental GMO mentioned was a micro-organism engineered by a German biotech company. It was touted as a breakthrough in sustainable energy: it broke down farm waste into ethanol. Independent EPA testing in America by pathologist Elain Ingham discovered that the microorganism killed all the

nitrogen-fixing bacteria in the soil. Had it been approved in America, as it was in Germany, and introduced on a widespread basis, the results could have been catastrophic. David Suzuki and Holly Dressel tell the tale in more detail in their book *From Naked Ape to Superspecies* (Stoddart, 2001). – Eds



TOXIC CULTURE

I just heard about a horrible new game for kids called *Scan-Command Jurassic Park*. Kids scan barcodes to give their

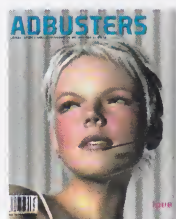
dino players more power. I can't believe it. Think of all the sponsor tie-ins. Perhaps Kraft products will give kids' T-Rexes super powers while the no-name brands will deplete their resources. I can't imagine the mind-set that dreamed this up. Oh, wait, I can.

CHRISTINE NERLAND
Calgary, Alberta

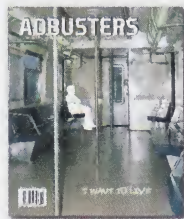
On the title page of <G1Joe.com> you'll find pictures of a soldier in desert garb with an attack Doberman, a soldier bearing a chainsaw, and a smiling man in camouflage fatigues wearing a vest full of grenades and holding what looks to be some type of rocket launcher. The title in the upper left-hand corner reads, "Hasbro: . . . Making the World Smile."

RAY SAVOIE
Middletown, New York

While scrolling down the front page of the <CNN.com> website, I noticed that every time the mouse pointer touched a banner ad for the "All New AOL 7.0," my scrolling action would come to a halt.



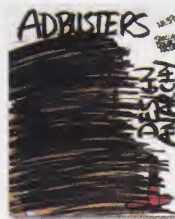
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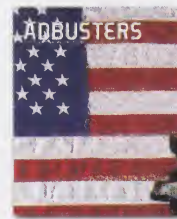
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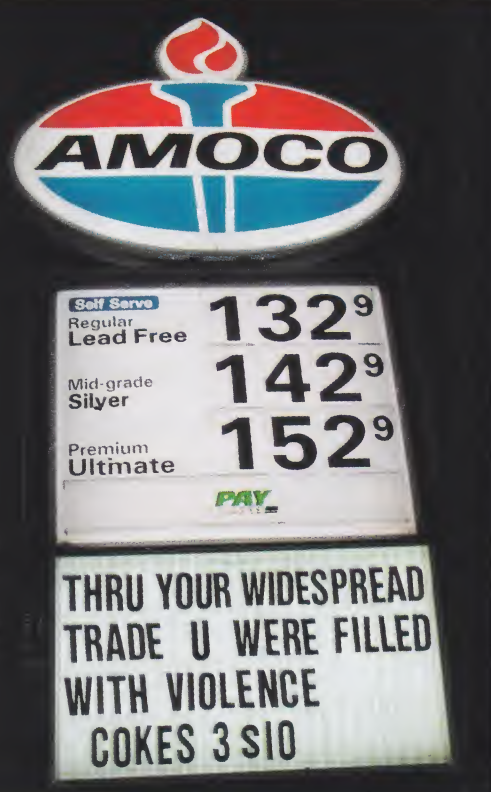
The exact same thing happens with the smaller box ad for "Four Trial Issues of *Time*." I'm not surprised that one AOL Time Warner company would promote another, but I am amazed at the technological lengths they will go to.

SARAH JOHNSTON
Oakland, California

PepsiCo has just begun a marketing campaign for its new energy drink called "Amp" (ampenergy.com). What is different about this marketing scheme is that they are using indie rock bands to sell it. Whether you listen to independent music or not, you should be discouraged that bands are trying so hard to promote themselves that they don't care about whoring themselves out to multinational corporations such as PepsiCo. Indie rockers: educate yourself about the evil ways of multinational corporations that not only sell crappy, overproduced, generic music but also violate human rights around the world and don't give a shit about the environment or your health if it means they can make a profit! If you know of any bands taking part in this PepsiCo promotion, let us know.

THE PEPSI ROCK SUCKS CAMPAIGN
<PepsiRockSucks@hotmail.com>

Having started work recently as a grocery clerk, I am itching to get hold of some sticker versions of your postcards –



the ones that politely inform us that the same company behind cancer chic (Philip Morris) is also selling us popular "family foods." Can you produce stickers that can be conveniently slapped on the back of, say, a "calci-yummy" Kraft cheese product – for purely informative purposes?

NAME WITHHELD

Watch for it on the website. –Eds

At the newspaper where I work we recently published a story about a 23-year-old adbuster in Oslo. He had written "Idol?" on 23 Hennes & Mauritz posters. The posters, part of an annual



Christmas campaign, showed very thin girls in their underwear (it's very cold here in December.) Hennes & Mauritz is one of the largest clothing companies in Scandinavia. This boy now has to pay 9,000 Norwegian kroner to the advertising company that made the posters. Talking back to advertisers is certainly not a question of free speech – unless you want to pay the price, in cash.

KATRINE LIA
Oslo, Norway

Some friends and I had a little jamming jaunt the other night. We slapped anti-war flyers on cars drenched in patriotic symbols. We did our best to stay out of sight, but since we live in an inconceivably tiny town, this became a big deal. The sheriff has been going house to house interrogating people. We fessed up under outside pressure (we're minors and our parents were none too pleased with our unpatriotic display), and are now faced with the prospect of "emotional abuse" and "disturbing the peace" charges. The locals have had it in for us for a great long while, due to our unorthodox looks and outspoken ideals, and seem to be using this as an excuse to reprimand us.

If it wasn't for the threat of terrorism, there would be no plausible way to charge us with anything. First Amendment rights are already being smothered here, without any of those "wartime ordinances" that everyone seems to be afraid of. It might be useful to issue a warning to jammers (especially those pushing peace) to take heed of George W.'s still ringing statement: "If you're not with us, you're with the terrorists." I am beginning to understand that this applies to anyone who is less than enthusiastic about any aspect of America™ as a homeland.

CARSIE BEAN

Corrections:

- The "Angels" poster of the World Trade Center towers [*Adbusters*#39] should have been credited solely to designer Cedomir Kostovic.
- The photo of the woman with the tear on her cheek, "Invention," by Joe Scanlan [*Adbusters*#39], appeared courtesy the artist and D'Amelio Terras Gallery, New York, <www.damelioterras.com>.

I'd love to see an ad that has our trusty B-52s flying over some big city. Give the bomber corporate sponsorship (Camel or Marlboro) and make the bombs out of cigarettes instead of explosives. This carpet bombing kills more people yearly than most wars.

DANIEL BLACKBURN
St. Paul, Minnesota

I wanted to let you in on my daughter's kindergarten class project. The "Word Wall" is composed of large white squares, one for each letter in the alphabet. It was the kids' job to bring in words starting with that letter to paste in the frame. The creative teacher's initial idea was a good one, but it has been tainted by my neighbors' obvious complacency with advertising. There are now over 100 different logos up on that wall, brought in by the children. All the fast-food-chain logos and most every Philip Morris product (Kraft, etc.) is represented. Kodak, Microsoft, Reese's, Lego, Nascar, AOL and Tommy Hilfiger? When's the last time you saw those in the dictionary? Give me a break! They are 18 fresh little sponges learning how to spell by brand-name association. It's an advertiser's wet dream.

JENNIFER SHUFORD
Asheville, North Carolina

Last year a friend bought me a prescription to your "Journal of the Mental Environment." I enjoyed every issue. Then the sad day came and the magazines ceased to arrive. Now I steal them. I suppose I could just read it online. What brand of computer do you suggest I buy?

JIZROID
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Adbusters is the only magazine that shows reality to people, without all the fluff. I only wish I could be around a little longer (brain cancer) to see others "wake



up." Thank you for being honest. If I don't believe in a god, but I believe in you, are you my religion?

GARY CHAMBERLIN II
Bath, New Hampshire

It's time for corporations and all of capitalism to step aside for *naturalism*. You are not saving our planet, you are spending it. You have put life on this planet into a debt so deep the only way it can be balanced is to shut everything off. Forever. Your credit (existence) is no good anymore. We cannot afford to *loan* you any more of our nature.

DAVE B.
Guelph, Ontario

Recently bought some oranges at the grocery store. Didn't look at them too closely. Went to peel one. Looked at the sticker. Was expecting "Dole" or "Del Monte." Read, "The Grinch on Video and DVD Nov. 20!" Took them back, complained they were rotten. Bought oranges at food co-op instead. Sigh.

DOUG NELSON
Cambridge, Massachusetts

I wonder what percentage of the patriotic decorations used as a response to 9-11 were actually made in America. Just curious.

JENNIFER LESZCZYNSKI
Los Angeles, California

MALIGNANT SADNESS

I am writing in response to the article, "Listening to Homer" [*Adbusters*#38]. Whether we get our set of symbols from TV ("Oh she's just like Jerry from *Survivor*") or from fireside stories ("This is like when grandfather told us of how Raven stole the sun"), their net effect is the same. The real danger is the homogenization of thought. If every kid grows up picking up the same symbols and icons, and these form the basis of how they interpret the world around them, what you get is a generation without diversity of thought. In nature, a species without diversity is a species bound for extinction. Same goes for the mental landscape.

MATTHEW VILLENEUVE
Wakefield, Quebec

I am continually wrestling with my fears that "my imagination may not be my own" [*Adbusters*#38]. I would like to think that if I had only one thing, it would be my imagination. It is something I have relied on ever since I discovered my sense of creativity. Reading your magazine for the first time, I was struck with this slogan that undermines all of the propaganda I have been falsely relying on. I don't know whether to thank you or hate you, but one thing is true: enlightenment is better than sharing my brain space.

ADAM POPPER
Toronto, Ontario

The last time I had an authentic emotion was on vacation in Cyprus, in July of 1991. I remember it very clearly: I had stormed out of the hotel room, furious at my girlfriend of the time. The fight was probably about my sexual demands versus her needs for romance, at least on the surface. The deeper conflict was, of course, my not being Tom Hanks and her not being Drew Barrymore. What domestic argument is not about that, in our wonderful western world?

In the bright yellow light of a Cyprus afternoon, I cross the street and walk into an alley between two white plaster walls, pestering under my breath. The ground under my sandals is yellow lazy dust, shyly rising behind me, only to be slammed down again by the light and the heat. It coats my toes like a magic powder of invincibility, like a fine film of glitter, smooth, almost liquid in its dry warmth. Somehow this dust fascinates me, and I crouch to touch it with my fingers.



I stretch back up and blow on my dust-covered palms. A million particles fly off into the sunrays, and I am God, breathing life onto the world. My mind is blank, yet I am no longer empty. Maybe I feel important, or meaningless; it doesn't matter. Somewhere, deep inside, in a place that can't be cool because you never see it on TV, I am crying.

ANTOINE VALOT
Denver, Colorado

I am a male, 27-year-old high school teacher in Canada, and I've noticed myself becoming more depressed over the past three years. I just bought my first house. My career is doing well. I have lots of close friends. I play soccer and hockey year round. You'd think I'd be satisfied with all this. I feel selfish to say I am not.

I think I am depressed because I grew up watching television sitcoms and movies of "normal" lives. But these lives are *not normal*. I grew up expecting the "TV life." I have also spent a lot of my life worrying about money – how much money I have and how much I'll have in the future. Now I see other cultures have

survived and flourished without focusing on money. They focused on the primary needs of humans – food, water, fresh air, community and love. I was hoping my new insight would allow me to be a happier person, but I think it will make me even more depressed.

Happiness will only come with social change. Corporate rule can only be addressed after more people really analyze and reflect on what is really important in life. It's time to fill up the emptiness.

DARREN BROWN

KICK OUT THE JAMS

I found my first copy of *Adbusters* on a Virgin Airways flight, stuffed in with the in-flight shopping magazine. Now a subscriber, I have always felt grateful to whomever left it there. In October, I managed to put an *Adbusters* postcard in the wine review magazine in the first class section of a passenger hovercraft to France. I call on travelers to unite – leave something interesting and educational everywhere they can. Human rights information and peace propaganda is always going to take people's interest more than in-flight shopping.

BEN WHITHAM
Reading, England

Rented VHS movies offer activists an easy opportunity to spread ideas mainstream media won't touch. Where the movie distributor has film previews or ads, you can record your own materials. Rented videos have their recording tab removed to prevent accidental recording over movies. To add your material to the video, fudge a new tab by wrapping a piece of tape over the hole. Now, with a second VCR or video camera, you're ready to add something from an *Adbusters* video or your own subvertisement. When finished, peel off the tape and return the video. The video store now becomes your media outlet.

CHARLES DOBSON
Vancouver, British Columbia

There's nothing better than a magazine dedicated to helping us think. I wonder whether it might not be a nice idea to produce one edition that has no images. Surely that would assault our minds more than any image I can think of. We are a

The worst part of my job? I guess that would be the immigrants in transit. Peruvians going to Japan or Chileans going to Canada, or, like, people from Brazil going to Portugal. They're not staying in the United States. They're just changing planes. But they have to go through customs here and then they're "on American soil" until their next flight. So what they have to do is pay \$50 to have me stand there in a room with a machine gun and watch them. Did you get that? *They pay to be held at gunpoint.*

—“Aisha”



CULTURAL REVOLUTION IS OUR BUSINESS

We are a loose global network of artists, writers, environmentalists, ecological economists, media-literacy teachers, reborn Lefties, ecofeminists, downshifters, high school shit-disturbers, campus rabble-rousers, incorrigibles, malcontents and green entrepreneurs. We are idealists, anarchists, guerrilla tacticians, pranksters, neo-Luddites, poets, philosophers and punks. We see ourselves as one of the most significant social movements of the next 20 years. Our aim is to topple existing power structures and forge a major rethinking of the way we will live in the 21st century. We want to change the way information flows, the way institutions wield power, the way TV stations are run, the way the food, fashion, automobile, sports, music and culture industries set their agendas. Above all, we want to change the way we interact with the mass media and the way in which meaning is produced in our society.

WWW.ADBUSTERS.ORG

FIND OUT MORE ABOUT US

Visit the Culture Jammers Campaign Headquarters at www.adbusters.org

TALK TO US

editor@adbusters.org
artdirector@adbusters.org
media-pr@adbusters.org
campaigns@adbusters.org
webmaster@adbusters.org
subscriptions@adbusters.org
info@adbusters.org
 Tel: (604) 736-9401
 Fax: (604) 737-6021
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We are a non-profit organization that welcomes donations and foundation grants in three areas:

1. To help *Adbusters* grow into a bimonthly magazine available on newsstands around the world.
 2. To help launch and sustain our social marketing initiatives and TV campaigns.
 3. To help us pay for our legal battles.
- Please support our work: Donate online at www.adbusters.org/information/donate • In the US write a cheque to Tides Foundation/Media Foundation. In Canada and overseas write a cheque to Adbusters Media Foundation and send it to us at the above address. Or contact David Niddrie at (604) 736-9401 or dave@adbusters.org.

visual society, yet the more we see, the less we think.

DARCY W. CHRIST
 Toronto, Ontario

Jammers are always in action. Here in Brazil, I'm a great fan of this subversive way of life, where happiness, politics and rebellion walk together. I act here with my Poetic Terrorism: anti-media speculations going against the consumer addiction of capitalism, empty art and alienation. Reading about Henry David Thoreau and so many other fellows and rebels, I feel good to change the world around me with examples and not only empty theories. Let's march together!

ROGÉRIO FELIPE
 Belo Horizonte, Brazil

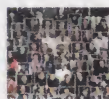
Reading through the Stars and Stripes issue [*Adbusters*#39] I kept

coming across ads from fashion companies – the same ads I could see in *Spin*, but placed in an ironic context. For the most part they were untouched, save for a small caption across the bottom. *Adbusters* has heralded itself as an attack on cool consumer culture, and succeeds in being such. But at the same time it is a cool commodity, a sort of "hip"-ometer. The magazine espouses the values of sincerity, honesty and simplicity, but is itself jaded, heavily ironic, and in a very basic way, unnecessary. Which is why this is the last issue for me. Thank you for the thoughts and the strange trip.

mic
 Newark, Delaware

editor@adbusters.org
 fax 604.737.6021

ART CONTRIBUTORS #40



Cover: *Autonom Barcelona*, 1999 by Isabelle Grosse Also: *Parc des Princes, Barcelona*
www.mapage.noos.fr/isabelle.grosse



Surveillance Photos:
 Mike Simons



POV Photos:
 David Niddrie



Illustration:
 "Visualization Study of the Internet"
 © Donna Cox and Robert Patterson
 NCSA/UIUC



Illustrations:
 Rob Arndt

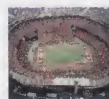


Photo: Dan Pamentor,
 Aerial Photos of America,
 Appleton, WI www.aboveusa.com



Photos: Florian Schwinge
Ruhr Characters 1a+b, 1999



Photo: Marc Räder
Untitled, Northern Bay Area,
 California 1994 from Project
 Scanscape



Photo: Rina Ricci
 Faculty of Architecture
 University of Manitoba,
 Winnipeg



Photo: Olivo Barbieri
Centri Commerciali,
 Parma, 1999



Photo:
 Frank Breuer, *Untitled*, 1995-2000

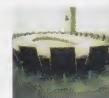


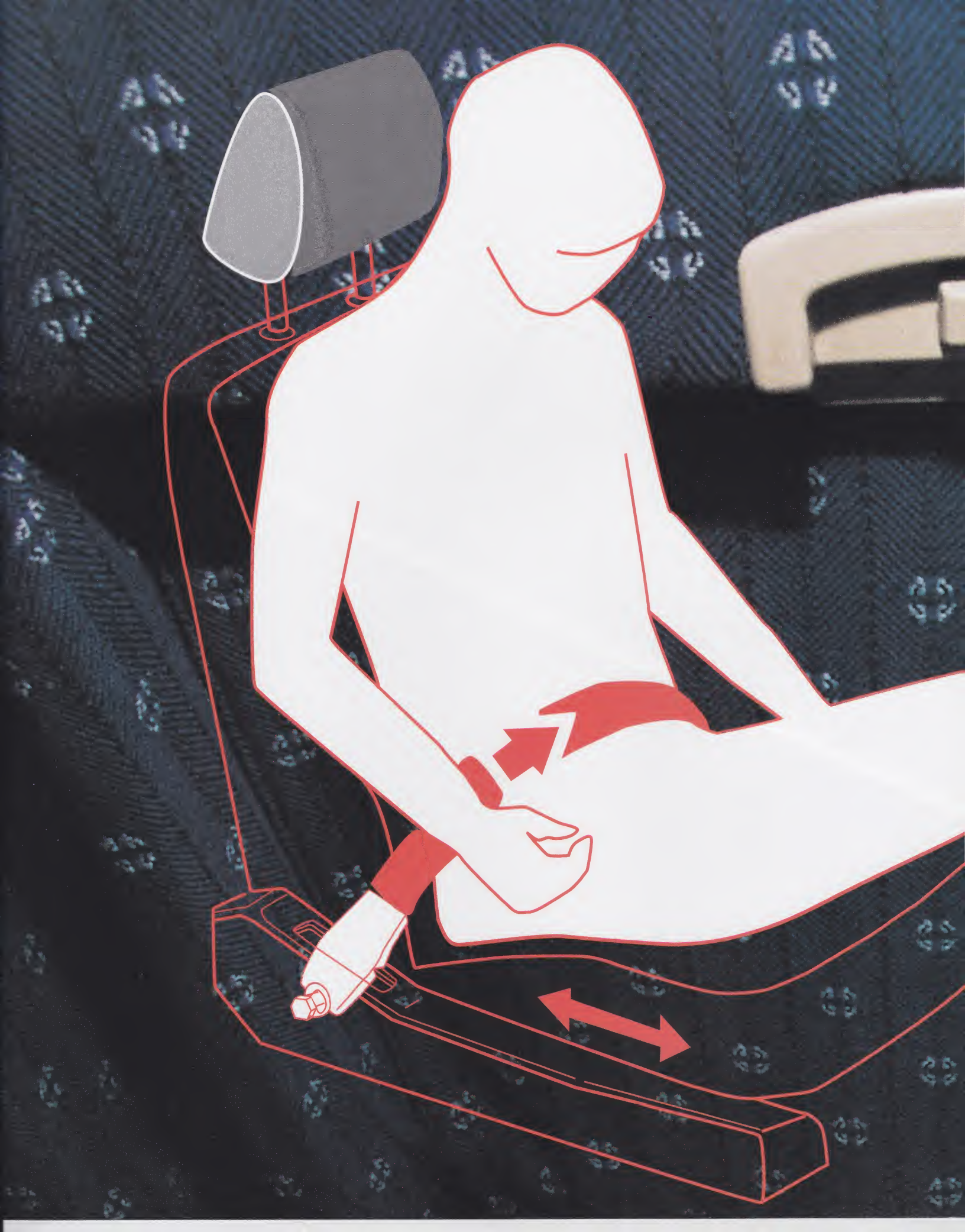
Photo: Jacqueline Hassink
The meeting table of the Board of Directors of EDF 1993-95




Josh On
 Designer and programmer,
www.theyrule.net



Collage Illustrations:
 David Langley
www.langleystudio.com





LIFT

#20 How To: Have A Pleasant Personality (CTAM method)

- a. Cooperate. In most situations, there are rules. These range from social codes to strict laws. Look for clues. Is everyone moving in one direction? Is the environment or "ambience" designed to encourage certain behaviors and discourage others? Is there an authority figure who can help?
- b. Tolerate. In an increasingly complicated world, we have to expect some discomfort, inconvenience and frustration. Be prepared to "grin and bear it."
- c. Automate. Be open to systems and routines that can make your daily life a pattern that you hardly notice. As great athletes know, subconscious actions are the easiest of all.
- d. Medicate. It's not uncommon to feel stress, disorientation, disinterest or even fear from time to time during our lives. Consult an expert. There are medications available to help you regain your productivity.







**#23 How To: Get Ahead In Advertising
(Crisis edition)**

- a. Simplify the message. During a national or international "situation," people are not prepared to "pump for meaning" from a complicated ad.
- b. Practice advertainment. When the day's news is troubling, advertising can act as "comfort food," warming the heart and promising hope.
- c. Make them laugh. Gentle jokes and "life's-funny-sometimes" humor are "hot" in difficult times. Irony and disparagement are "not."
- d. Look for the silver lining. Arms dealers, security agencies, government offices, and corporations suddenly caught in "hotspots" will need marketing more than ever. Have a frank discussion with your colleagues about such issues as "propaganda" and "profiteering."
- e. Use the flag, but don't abuse it. Brands can be patriots. Patriots can be "branded." But don't try to make your product a hero.

Common Sense

DRIFTING ON THE VAPOR-TRAIL OF A PHANTOM PUBLIC

"If those in charge of our society – politicians, corporate executives, and owners of press and television – can dominate our ideas, they will be secure in their power. They will not need soldiers patrolling the streets. We will control ourselves."

– Howard Zinn

Growing up in the No. 1 Country, I was taught that the most beautiful word in the American lexicon was "freedom." My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty. Although an accident-of-birth condition, I felt part of a chosen few who were born into the greatest country in the world. Unlike the Communists, who were born under a dark cloud of tyranny, we were a people blessed by our God with an abundance of freedoms. In grade school, I pledged allegiance to these freedoms and genuflected to a set of sacred documents known as the US Constitution, Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights. To me, the First Amendment – rights of speech, religion, the press, peaceable assembly – read like a favorite psalm.

I thought that "we the people," the first three words in the Preamble to the US Constitution, said it all about what it means to live in a democracy, an open society, where government represents the public good and certain rights of its citizens – to life, liberty, equality and the pursuit of happiness. If our government failed in that promise, then "it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government." Unlike those poor souls who lived in a one-party state, we Americans had two parties, Democrat and Republican. Instead of just one central power, we had three – executive (the presidency), legislative (Congress), and judicial (Supreme Court) – that would keep their eyes on one another so that power would be balanced and corruption checked. To top it off, I had a choice among dozens of kinds of chewing gum. If I complained, it took about two seconds for someone to say, "look at the alternative." A or B. Free or Unfree. It was just common sense.

As I grew up in the land of the free, I began to see that freedom did not mean a full range of choices but in fact was narrowly defined. There were prudent ways of defining democracy and freedom, and imprudent ways. Walter Lippmann, the treasure of American journalism, defined the prudent approach – what he called a "phantom public." He said, "The public must be put in its place . . . so that each of us can live free of the trampling and

the roar of a bewildered herd." Democracy, that Greek word for people-power, wasn't meant to be taken literally. Yes, there would be elections. In between, however, democracy would be exercised by "experts" through the proper channels, like national security councils, think tanks and meetings in the halls of Congress.

The free press? Well, it is most free for those who can own one. You might see the masses in the "mass media," but usually they are doing sports, watching sports, doing time or watching crime. In between commercials that make us feel undermedicated and overweight, the media remind us that we can't be expected to make tough policy decisions like where or how our government is going to interfere in other people's lives. Enemy nations appear on the public radar suddenly, as if a dart had been thrown at a map. Nicaragua (only two days' drive from Texas!), Grenada, Somalia, Bosnia, Colombia. If the President or Joint Chiefs of Staff decided to invade, we could just watch it play out live on CNN. Foreign policy, the movie-of-the-week.

Over time, we start to know better than to ask why. It has something to do with protecting our freedoms abroad and making the world safe for democracy. Preserving freedom and democracy comes with a high price tag. Why else would our military be stationed all over the world?

Now I'm a teacher. I'd like to tell my students to think outside the box of what's acceptable or prudent or talked about in polite circles. I'd like to tell them, with bias for all that I happen to believe, that the decision-makers and experts don't know as much as citizens and ordinary people how to represent "our" own interests. I'd like to tell them that the body politic is more public square than Wal-Mart, and that democracy is more an uproar than an unquestioning nod. But they pay good money for their educations, and I wonder: what kind of career-track decision would it be to think – or worse, to speak – outside the all-American comfort zone? Two seconds later, I hear a voice in my head. "Look at all you have. Then look at the alternative. A or B. Freedom or terror."

Nancy Snow is the author of *Propaganda, Inc.: Selling America's Culture to the World* (second edition forthcoming, Seven Stories Press, 2002). She teaches at the University of Southern California.

VOGUE

NOV

63 PERFECT WINTER COATS

For Every Occasion,
At Every Price



**JAMES
GANDOLFINI**
Working Class Hero



THANKSGIVING
We're Not Talking Turkey



**VH1/VOGUE
FASHION
AWARD
WINNERS**

REALITY CHIC

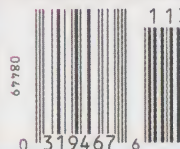
High Style Basics
You Want Right Now

**BRITNEY
SPEARS**
Madonna's Heir Apparent

AMERICAN FASHION

WAVES THE FLAG

U.S.A. \$3.50
CANADA \$4.50
FOREIGN \$4.50



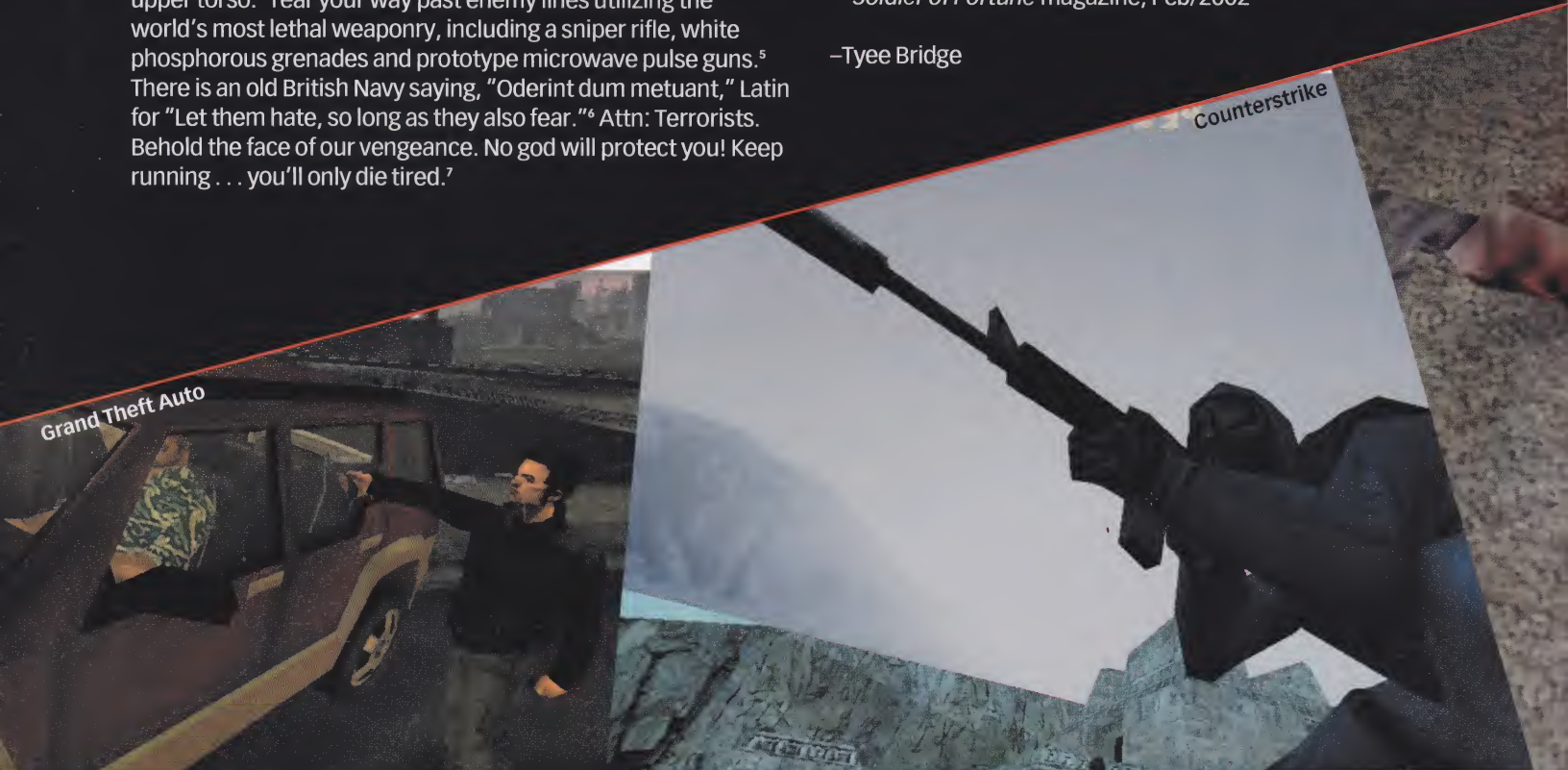


In a Time of War, Play

On September 11, a new war was declared on America by an army of psychotic, fanatical murderers. We are proud to be equipping the hands of freedom, protecting the hands of justice, and enabling the fingers on the triggers of the weapons that will send those bastards to hell!¹ You're the world's deadliest soldier of fortune and your mission is clear: survive. Track your prey across the globe in a series of secret missions to take down a fanatical terrorist organization before it takes you down.² Our firearms training classes are designed to prepare all types of "hunters," whether your quarry is in the Okavango Delta or on the streets of San Francisco.³ Special Forces veteran Lt. Col. Dave Grossman cites video games as the sole tactical training device that enabled one 14-year-old boy in Kentucky to hit eight of eight mobile student targets, five of which were head shots and three upper torso.⁴ Tear your way past enemy lines utilizing the world's most lethal weaponry, including a sniper rifle, white phosphorous grenades and prototype microwave pulse guns.⁵ There is an old British Navy saying, "Oderint dum metuant," Latin for "Let them hate, so long as they also fear."⁶ Attn: Terrorists. Behold the face of our vengeance. No god will protect you! Keep running . . . you'll only die tired.⁷

- 1 Blackhawk Industries assault glove advertisement, *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, Feb/2002
- 2 Activision *Soldier of Fortune* video game site, <www.activision.com/games/sof>
- 3 GunSmoke training and gunsmithing advertisement, *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, Feb/2002
- 4 From <www.killology.com/book_stop_summary.htm>
- 5 Activision *Soldier of Fortune* video game site
- 6 Editorial, *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, Feb/2002
- 7 BlackHawk Industries tactical equipment advertisement, *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, Feb/2002

—Tyee Bridge





Counter-Terrorists Win!

Enemy: Kennedy

Soldier of Fortune

Counterstrike

Counterstrike

State of Emergency

Soldier of Fortune
Counterstrike

Grand Theft Auto



Always Ready. Always There.



#30 How To: Choose A Career

- a. Who you are will help decide what you become. Every decision counts, even as a young person. Consider two teens in high school with similar talents and intelligence. The one who chooses to "play the rebel" will have a very different life from the person who "plays by the rules."
- b. Ask yourself, "What does the world need right now?" People who find ways to serve their community receive the greatest rewards, including the highest incomes. Look around. Who is admired? Who is listened to? Who is on the winning side?
- c. Now follow your heart.

We come together, from all walks of life, to form the National Guard. We bring peace of mind to America's communities and help to promote peace and stability around the globe. Today, you'll find our citizen-soldiers and -airmen here in the United States performing the domestic mission, as well as side by side with the Army and Air Force in places like Southwest Asia, Eastern Europe and Latin America. Bridging cultural gaps, forging peacekeeping relationships and lending a helping hand to the entire world.

We're always ready. Always there. Answering the call of duty, no matter where it takes us.

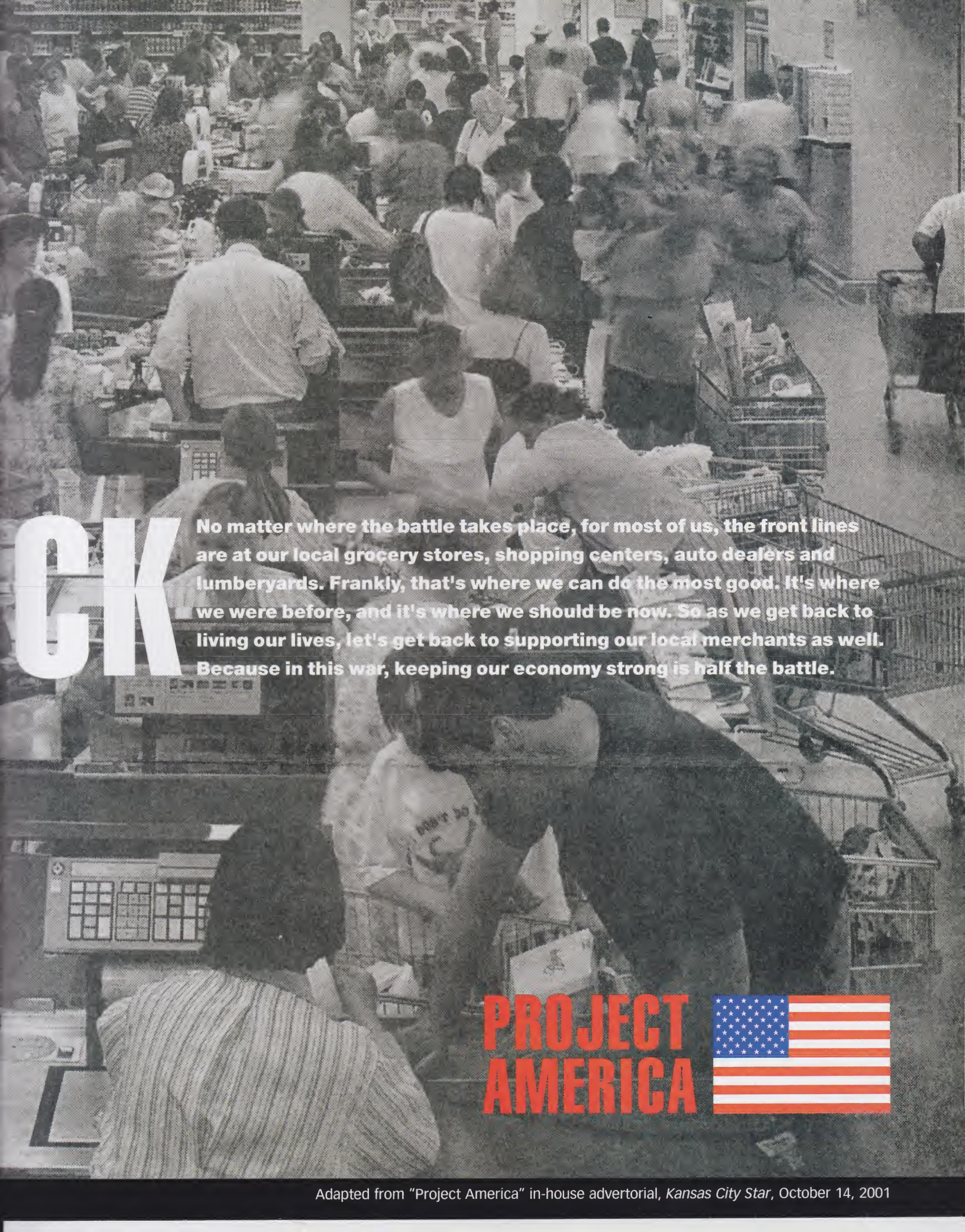


Americans At Their Best.

THE NATIONAL GUARD



COUNTER ATTA



CK

No matter where the battle takes place, for most of us, the front lines are at our local grocery stores, shopping centers, auto dealers and lumberyards. Frankly, that's where we can do the most good. It's where we were before, and it's where we should be now. So as we get back to living our lives, let's get back to supporting our local merchants as well. Because in this war, keeping our economy strong is half the battle.

**PROJECT
AMERICA**





AP PHOTO/STAN HON

THE EMPIRE'S NEW RULES

NO BOUNDARIES, NO CENTER – AND ENDLESS POINTS OF RESISTANCE

EMPIRE IS MATERIALIZING BEFORE OUR VERY EYES.

Over the past several decades, as colonial regimes were overthrown and then precipitously after the Soviet barriers to the capitalist world market finally collapsed, we have witnessed an irresistible and irreversible globalization of economic and cultural exchanges.

Along with the global market and global circuits of production has emerged a global order, a new logic and structure of rule – in short, a new form of sovereignty. Empire is the political subject that effectively regulates these global exchanges, the sovereign power that governs the world.

The passage to Empire emerges from the twilight of modern sovereignty. In contrast to imperialism, Empire establishes no territorial center of power and does not rely on fixed boundaries and barriers. It is a *decentered* and *detrterritorializing* apparatus of rule that progressively incorporates the entire global realm within its open, expanding frontiers. Empire manages hybrid identities, flexible hierarchies and plural exchanges through modulating networks of command. The distinct national colors of the imperialist map of the world have merged and blended in the imperial global rainbow.

Most significant, the spatial divisions of the three Worlds (First, Second and Third) have been scrambled so that we continually find the First world in the Third, the Third in the First, and the Second almost nowhere at all. Capital seems to be faced with a smooth world – or really, a world defined by new and complex regimes of differentiation and homogenization, detrterritorialization and reterritorialization.

Many locate the ultimate authority that rules over the processes of globalization and the new world order in the United States. Proponents praise the United States as the world leader and sole superpower, and detractors denounce it as the imperialist oppressor.

Both these views rest on the assumption that the United States has simply donned the mantle of global power that the European nations have now let fall. If the nineteenth century was a British century, the twentieth century has been an American century; or really if modernity was European, then postmodernity is American. The most damning charge critics can level, then, is that the United States is repeating the practices of old European imperialists, while proponents celebrate the United States as a more efficient and more benevolent world leader, getting right what the Europeans got wrong.

Our basic hypothesis, however, that a new imperial form of sovereignty has emerged, contradicts both these views. *The United States does not, and indeed no nation-state can today, form the center of an imperialist project.* Imperialism is over. No nation will be world leader in the way modern European nations were.

We should emphasize that we use “Empire” here not as a *metaphor*, which would require demonstration of the

resemblances between today’s world order and the Empires of Rome, China the Americas, and so forth, but rather as a *concept*, which calls primarily for a theoretical approach. The concept of Empire is characterized fundamentally by a lack of boundaries: Empire’s rule has no limits.

First and foremost, then, the concept of Empire posits a regime that effectively encompasses the spatial totality, or really that rules over the entire “civilized” world. No territorial boundaries limit its reign.

Second, the concept of Empire presents itself not as a historical regime originating in conquest, but rather as an order that effectively suspends history and thereby fixes the existing state of affairs for eternity. From the perspective of Empire, this is the way things will always be and they way they were always meant to be. In other words, Empire presents its rule not as a transitory moment in the movement of history, but as a regime with no territorial boundaries and in this sense outside of history or at the end of history.

Third, the rule of Empire operates on all registers of the social order extending down to the depths of the social world. Empire not only manages a territory and a population but also creates the very world it inhabits. It not only regulates human interactions but also seeks directly to rule over human nature. The object of its rule is social life in its entirety, and thus Empire presents the paradigmatic form of biopower.


Finally, although the practice of Empire is continually bathed in blood, the concept of Empire is always dedicated to peace – a perpetual and universal peace outside of history.

The Empire we are faced with wields enormous powers of oppression and destruction, but that fact should not make us nostalgic in any way for the old forms of domination. The passage to Empire and its processes of globalization offer new possibilities to the force of liberation.

Globalization, of course, is not one thing, and the multiple processes that we recognize as globalization are not unified or univocal. Our political task, we will argue, is not simply to resist these processes but to reorganize them and redirect them toward new ends. The creative forces of the multitude that sustain Empire are also capable of autonomously constructing a counter-Empire, an alternative political organization of global flows and exchanges.

The struggles to contest and subvert Empire, as well as those to construct a real alternative, will thus take place on the imperial terrain itself – indeed, such new struggles have already begun to emerge. Through these struggles, and many more like them, the multitude will have to invent new democratic forms and a new constituent power that will one day take us through and beyond Empire.

Excerpted from *Empire*, by Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri, published by Harvard University Press (2001).



EVERY GENERATION HAS ITS HEROES.
THIS ONE IS NO DIFFERENT.

The reconnaissance planes — with heat-seeking sensors — can detect which caves the enemy's in. And then laser-guided bombs fly right into the entrance, like a letter in a mailbox. It kind of makes your head spin to think about it.

—“Cpl. Weatherill”





The image of Western armies floundering about over the last half century is fixed in everyone's mind. But it is fixed there as a series of unrelated events. The last colonial wars were seen as wars of disengagement. The British failures were seen separately from the French, from the Spanish, from the Portuguese. The post-colonial wars were something else again. And on their tail came the guerrilla wars and the terrorist wars. In all there have been some 200 conflicts, from Indochina, Algeria and Yemen to Korea, Lebanon, Cuba and Angola.

The less expert observer might well wonder what has actually been happening. Is it not that sophisticated, rational armies have simply failed to come to terms with less sophisticated, irrational armies, who use guerrilla and revolutionary warfare and who are led by less sophisticated and less rational people? The result, to be absolutely clear, is that unsophisticated, irrational armies regularly beat sophisticated, rational ones. Our experts seem to draw some satisfaction from this rather in the way the French knighthood maintained that the English had only managed to massacre and defeat them at Agincourt in 1415 because they used peasants

armed with daggers and socially unacceptable longbows. In fact many of the great armies that have been beaten over the last 3,000 years – carrying their civilizations down with them – have been beaten by armies which were, according to the logic of the losers, inferior and backward.

Those who beat us are not doing anything new. Their actions simply reflect the principles of flexible strategy, laid out in simple, clear language 500 years before Christ (*The Art of War*, Sun Tzu). Our armies lose because they have forgotten that the purpose of their job is to win. Instead they concentrate on organization, on their positions of power within that organization and on preparing for a particular sort of war which is theoretically suited to their organization. They think they are flexible because they have collected massive amounts of powerful and rapid equipment. Weaponry, however, is inanimate. It is dependent on the will and imagination of the commanders. And those commanders are slaves to methodology and structure.

— John Ralston Saul, *Voltaire's Bastards*

#36 HOW TO GIVE A SPEECH TO REMEMBER (PRESIDENTIAL TELEPROMPTER METHOD)

A. THE TELEPROMPTER IS DESIGNED TO MAKE EACH PERSON IN THE AUDIENCE FEEL LIKE YOU ARE SPEAKING TO HIM OR HER DIRECTLY. CASUALLY MOVE YOUR HEAD FROM THE LEFT PANEL, PAUSE AT THE CENTER AND LOOK INTENTLY, THEN CATCH YOUR NEXT PHRASE ON THE RIGHT PANEL. SIMPLY FOLLOW THE WORDS FROM SCREEN TO SCREEN.

B. LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE. DIFFICULT WORDS SUCH AS "NUCLEAR" SHOULD BE SPELLED OUT PHONETICALLY ("NU-CLEE-ER") FOR EASY READING. DO NOT MAKE "OFF THE CUFF" REMARKS SUCH AS "WOW!" OR "YOU BET!" UNLESS THEY APPEAR IN YOUR TELEPROMPTER TEXT.

C. A SPEECH WILL SOUND "SMOOTH" AFTER ONLY A FEW REHEARSALS. IT TAKES MANY MORE REHEARSALS FOR A SPEECH TO SOUND "NATURAL."

Medicare,
education,



FEDEX ORANGE BOWL, TOSTITOS FIESTA BOWL, NOKIA SUGAR BOWL, TOWNSVILLE MCDONALD'S CROCK POT BOWL, NINTENDO GAMECUBE TERRAIN PARK, SUNRYPE BOWL, COCA COLA 600 WINSTON CUP, TELSTRA STADIUM, COMPAQ CENTER, RCA DOME, **3COM PARK**, QUALCOMM STADIUM, ERICSSON STADIUM, ALLTEL STADIUM, CENTRE, CARRIER DOME, PSINET STADIUM, NETWORK ASSOCIATES COLISEUM, SEAFIRST CENTER, NATION

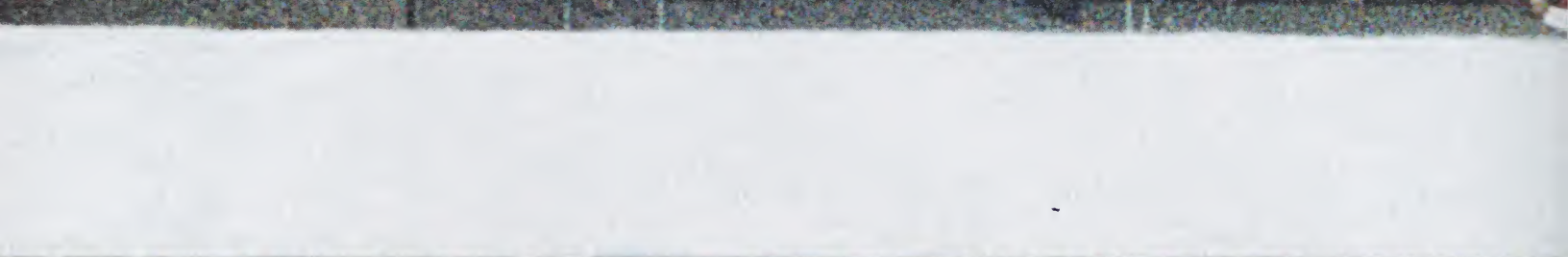


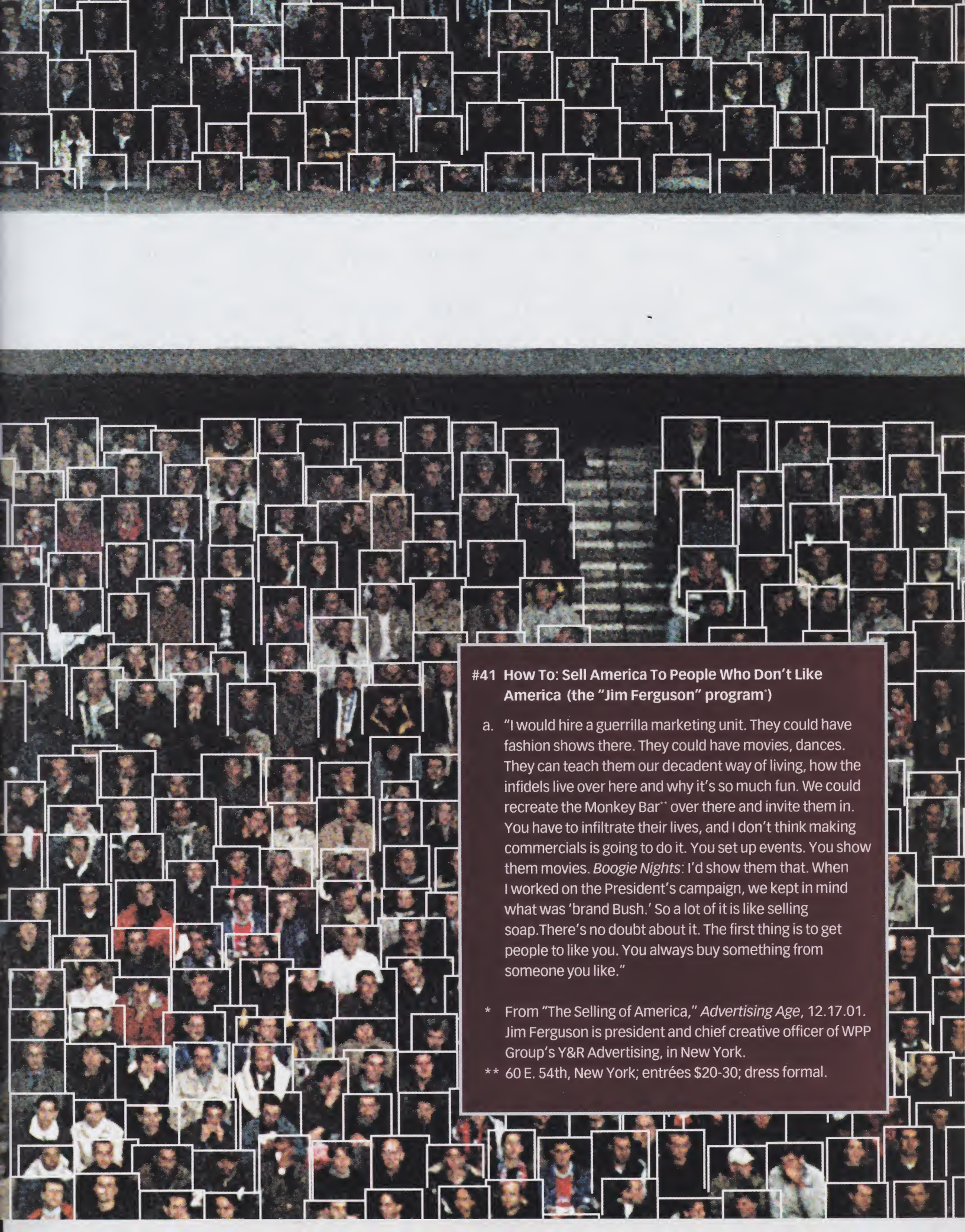
Note: The airspace above any stadium is now a 'no-fly zone' under US law



MELLON ARENA, BANK ONE BALLPARK, COMERICA PARK, CINERGY FIELD, PACIFIC BELL PARK, MILLER AUSTRALIAN TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS, STAPLES CENTER, UNITED CENTER, TARGET CENTER, CO FIELD, COORS FIELD, ARROWHEAD POND, AIR CANADA CENTRE, GENERAL MOTORS PLACE, MOLSON RENTAL CENTER, CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA, EDISON FIELD, PRO PLAYER STADIUM







#41 How To: Sell America To People Who Don't Like America (the "Jim Ferguson" program)

- a. "I would hire a guerrilla marketing unit. They could have fashion shows there. They could have movies, dances. They can teach them our decadent way of living, how the infidels live over here and why it's so much fun. We could recreate the Monkey Bar* over there and invite them in. You have to infiltrate their lives, and I don't think making commercials is going to do it. You set up events. You show them movies. *Boogie Nights*: I'd show them that. When I worked on the President's campaign, we kept in mind what was 'brand Bush.' So a lot of it is like selling soap. There's no doubt about it. The first thing is to get people to like you. You always buy something from someone you like."

* From "The Selling of America," *Advertising Age*, 12.17.01. Jim Ferguson is president and chief creative officer of WPP Group's Y&R Advertising, in New York.

** 60 E. 54th, New York; entrées \$20-30; dress formal.

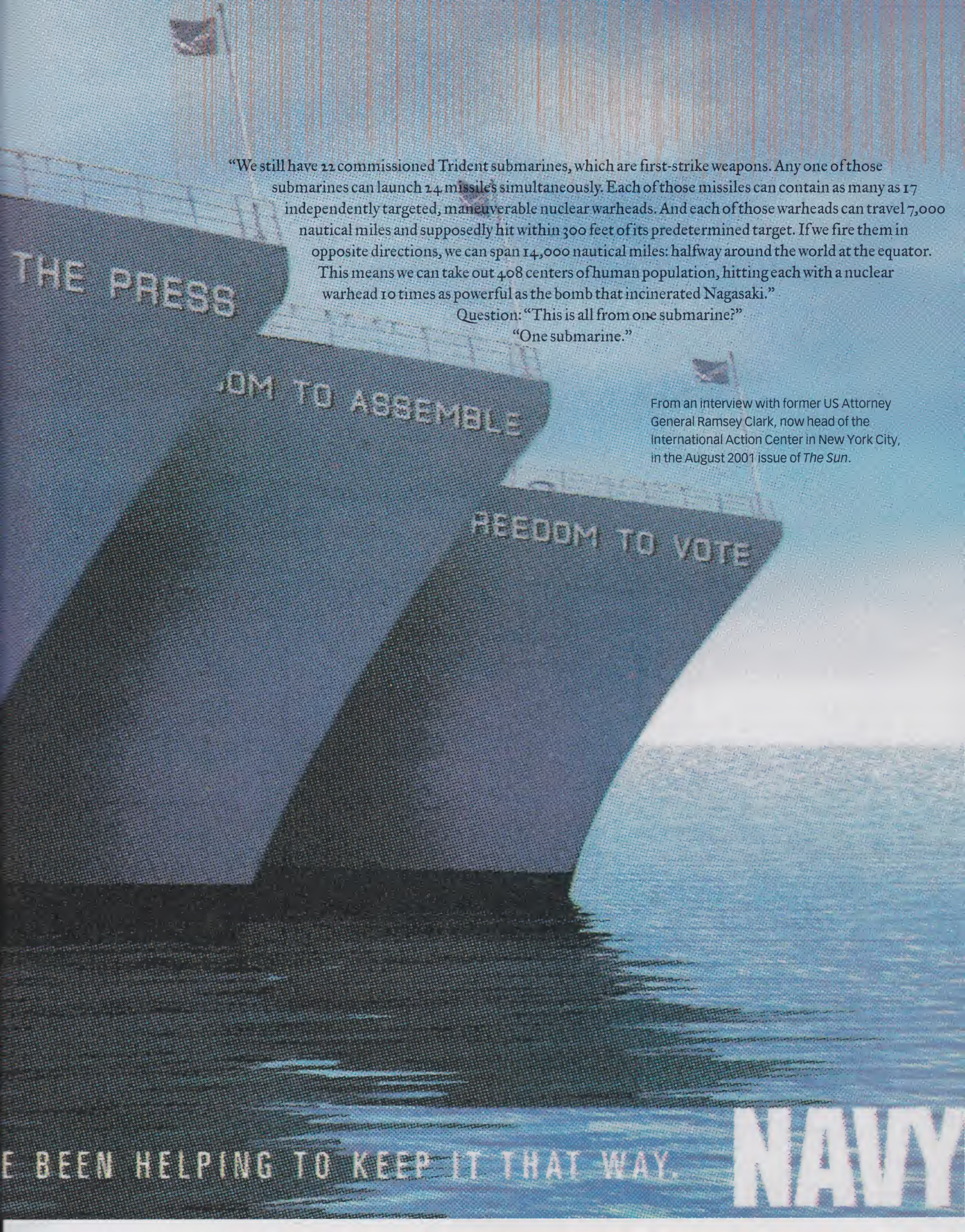
A close-up, low-angle shot of the dark blue hull of the USS Freedom of Speech (JOM-1). The ship's name is painted in large, white, sans-serif capital letters along the upper edge of the hull. To the left, a white anchor is visible. The image has a grainy, halftone texture.

USS FREEDOM OF SPEECH

JOM

From an advertisement for the US Navy created by the Campbell-Ewald company of Warren, Michigan. Publications were asked to run the ad as a free public service announcement in response to September 11.

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY. AND FOR OVER 200 YEARS



"We still have 22 commissioned Trident submarines, which are first-strike weapons. Any one of those submarines can launch 24 missiles simultaneously. Each of those missiles can contain as many as 17 independently targeted, maneuverable nuclear warheads. And each of those warheads can travel 7,000 nautical miles and supposedly hit within 300 feet of its predetermined target. If we fire them in opposite directions, we can span 14,000 nautical miles: halfway around the world at the equator. This means we can take out 408 centers of human population, hitting each with a nuclear warhead 10 times as powerful as the bomb that incinerated Nagasaki."

Question: "This is all from one submarine?"

"One submarine."

From an interview with former US Attorney General Ramsey Clark, now head of the International Action Center in New York City, in the August 2001 issue of *The Sun*.

...E BEEN HELPING TO KEEP IT THAT WAY.

NAVY



FEAR

MAKING WAR IN A MORAL FOG

Q: Are we in fact in a quagmire?

A: No. From day one the president has said and I have said repeatedly that this will be a long, long effort . . . and we're doing it at a time when there's a 24-hour constant news cycle that has this voracious appetite for change, for conflict, for different kinds of information. Therefore if it isn't fed every five minutes it's a quagmire. Well it's not a quagmire at all.

—Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, 10.28.01

Mr. Rumsfeld was right. Afghanistan was not “a quagmire” or, if the question had been asked more honestly, “another Vietnam.” Rumsfeld sounds impatient with the question, as if it's old family baggage that he has dealt with through his therapist and is done with once and for all, thank you. That was then; this is closure.

They call it the “Vietnam effect,” and it runs through the soul of America like a black worm. To march off to a war that no one understands; to ship Midwestern kids home in bulk body bags; to lose battles; to watch reporters snoop for war crimes in their own back yard – it's a president's ulcer, a general's nightmare.

The memory of Vietnam, *the quagmire*, calls the shots in America's military campaigns. It has tightly limited the way the world's only remaining superpower makes war.

The resulting strategy might now be called “Maher's Law,” after the *Politically Incorrect* host who was sucker-punched by his own free-speaking fans when he stated the obvious: that America fights cowardly wars. The enemy is simultaneously demonized and praised as “battle-hardened” or “in love with death,” raising the specter of a long and bloody war. To soften the target, the missile strafing and carpet-bombing begin. It makes dazzling TV – it sure looks like war. The enemy is routed and put on the run. There are no battles (Middle East correspondent Robert Fisk has questioned whether US air campaigns should even be called “combat”), so there are no

defeats. American soldiers die, but almost exclusively in accidents or friendly fire.

Judged against Vietnam, these wars are spectacularly successful. In Turkey, a guide on the WWI battlefield of Gallipoli, the grandson of a Turkish soldier, tells a story. The two sides, Turkish versus Allied troops, faced each other from trenches separated by perhaps a hundred yards. As they sat in stalemate, an Allied soldier devised a way to raise a shaving mirror to aim at and fire on Turkish soldiers without anyone ever raising his head from the trench. In response to this faceless fire, a Turk who had studied English abroad sent a message down the trenches. On a signal, every Turkish soldier began to chant the same two words: *no fair*. The Allies never used the mirror tactic again.

The story is probably a myth, but its appeal is easy to understand. There is something horrific about whole armies being destroyed by an enemy that they never see and can never test themselves against. There is something imperial and inhuman about making war behind the cloak of a moral fog. Resistance is futile.

But no, the American wars are no longer quagmires. Maybe, then, it's time to ask new questions. Mr. Rumsfeld, will the next war be another Iraq? Another Afghanistan? Can we finally start to ask some questions about the new rules?

If you please, Mr. Rumsfeld, another question, and a supplemental or two:

Why are Americans so deeply reluctant to accept heavy loss of life for military ends?

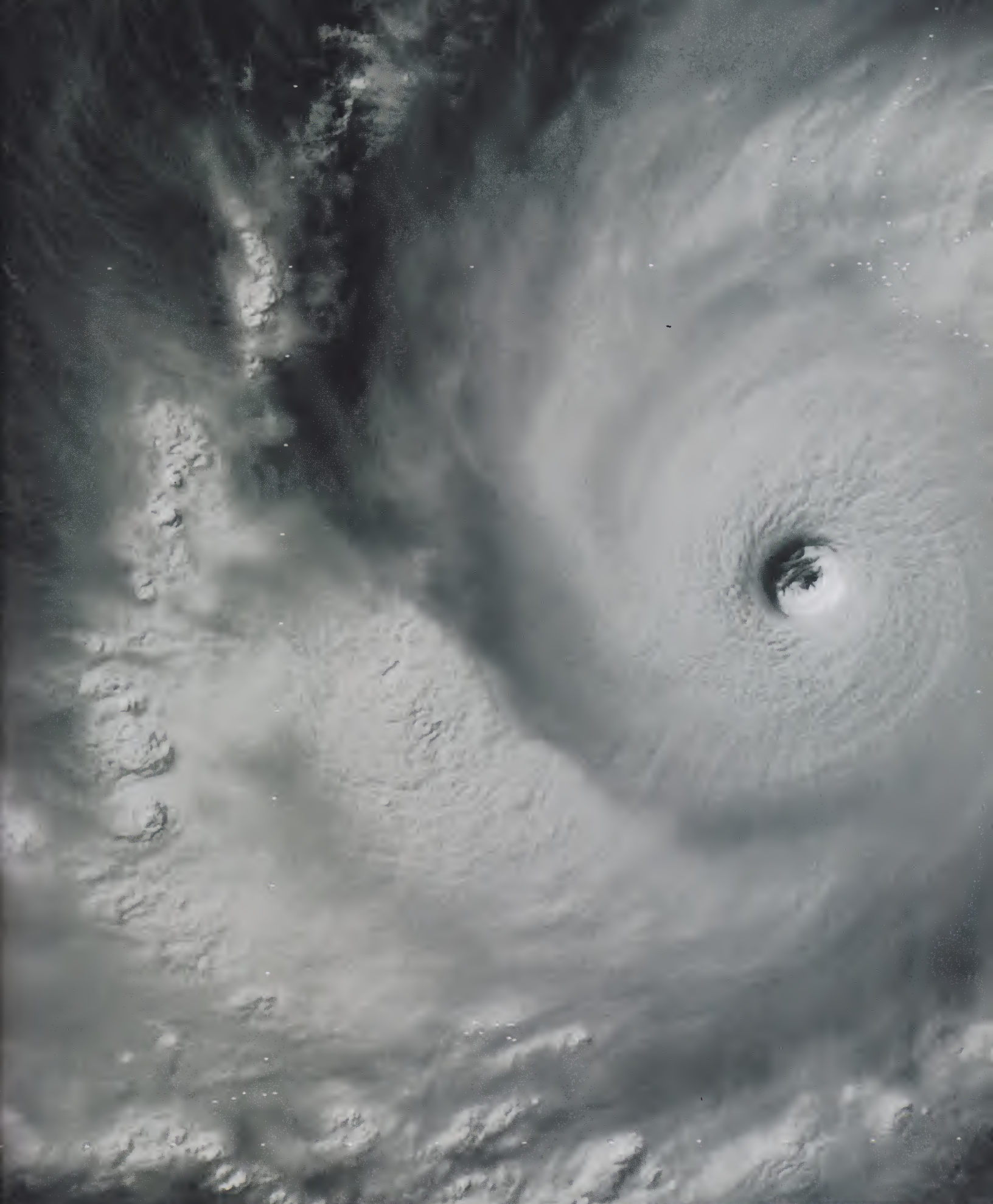
Could it be, sir, because the nation has come to believe that each individual's life is sacred?

Does that belief have moral meanings?

Should we extend those moral meanings to our enemies?

James MacKinnon





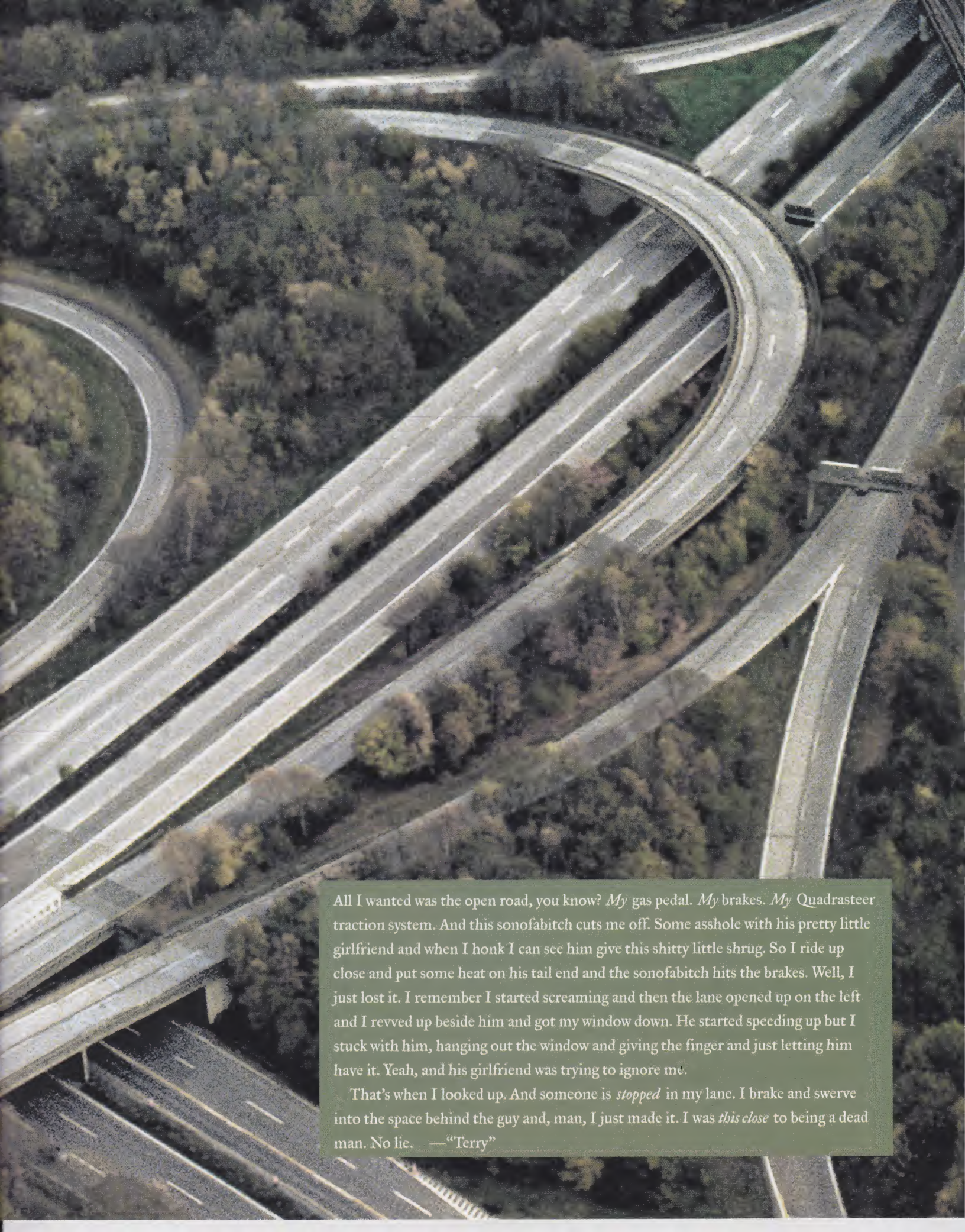
Hurricane Mitch, the fourth strongest Atlantic hurricane on record, October 26, 1998. Satellite photo from VAS-DAS Imaging





YOU ARE IN CONTROL





All I wanted was the open road, you know? *My* gas pedal. *My* brakes. *My* Quadrateer traction system. And this sonofabitch cuts me off. Some asshole with his pretty little girlfriend and when I honk I can see him give this shitty little shrug. So I ride up close and put some heat on his tail end and the sonofabitch hits the brakes. Well, I just lost it. I remember I started screaming and then the lane opened up on the left and I revved up beside him and got my window down. He started speeding up but I stuck with him, hanging out the window and giving the finger and just letting him have it. Yeah, and his girlfriend was trying to ignore me.

That's when I looked up. And someone is *stopped* in my lane. I brake and swerve into the space behind the guy and, man, I just made it. I was *this close* to being a dead man. No lie. —“Terry”



DAILY MINIMUM KILLED
OR SERIOUSLY INJURED
AS RESULT OF ROAD RAGE

12

IDIOM



"Save What's Left" map by the Pacific Biodiversity Institute <www.pacificbio.org>, showing America's road system as of 2001. Remaining roadless areas are in white



SAFEWAY

FOOD & DRUG

The US runs the risk of "imperial overstretch," in which the sum of our nation's global commitments exceeds the power to defend them all simultaneously. How many Vermonters are prepared to die or sacrifice their children to make the world safe for McDonald's, Wal-Mart, 747s, SUVs, the Internet, Bill Gates and the rest of the Forbes 400 richest Americans?

Many Vermonters view the American Way of Life through a jaundiced eye. They are disillusioned with

America's hubris and concupiscence and long for a quieter, simpler, less materialistic, more fulfilling life. Vermont has little in common with Boston, New York, Houston, Los Angeles or Chicago. Why should Vermonters be taxed to pay for the military protection of New York City, the epicenter of global capitalism and corporate greed, or Washington, DC, the vapid capital of the empire? How can it avoid a class war between the haves and the have-nots?

There are no quick-fix solutions to our problems of bigness and lack of connectedness – no substitutes for empowering, nurturing and supporting small communities. Community-building is a slow and arduous process. There is only one solution to the problems of America – peaceful dissolution, not piecemeal devolution.

As Thomas Jefferson said in the Declaration of Independence, "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government." An empire spawned by secession can surely die that way. We believe the time has come for all citizens of Vermont peacefully to rebel.

By Thomas H. Naylor, based on his complete 'Vermont Manifesto,' which appeared in the December issue of Vermont Green Mountains.







#57 How To Prepare The Perfect Burger

- a. You can make a great burger at home, but it is usually easier and less expensive to buy a burger at a nearby fast-food restaurant.
- b. If there is no fast-food restaurant nearby, consider passing a drive-thru on the way home from work.
- c. Or, suggest to the family that you go out for dinner at the nearest fast-food outlet.
- d. If there is no fast-food restaurant in your neighborhood, note the franchise opportunity and consider making an investment.

□

I remember watching a Dateline “Special Report” about a group of upper-middle-class girls who robbed convenience stores with guns they had stolen from their parents’ small arsenals. They were about my age, and now they’re in juvenile detention centers awaiting systematic reassimilation, far from the dance teams and boyfriends they had worked so hard for.

I watched the show with my mom. At one point, during the surveillance-camera clips of the girls wearing masks and brandishing weapons, she turned to me.

“I don’t understand,” she said. “Why would they jeopardize their bright futures?”

“They were bored.”

She looked at me, utterly confused. “They robbed 7-11s because they were bored?”

We stared at each other from across our generation gap. She was a baby boomer, a product of the ‘60s. A time when there was hope for the future, when youth were willing to rally for change. And me? A product of nothing. Born in a time of excess. Just old enough to realize most of the ‘60s “free love hippies” and “radicals” had sold us all out for a beachfront condo and a good divorce lawyer. The cannabis and carob made a smooth transition to microchips and energy bars. Luxury and boredom. Those of us born into it have no struggle, that struggle essential to humanity. Ours is a universe without consequence, so buried in technological “marvels” making our lives “easy, fast and fun” that sometimes it’s hard to imagine anything outside of it. Rally for change? Change what?

Imagine 300,000 teenagers clad in carefully alternative gear and marching on Capitol Hill, in every hand a sign with

nothing written on it. Thousands of apathetic eyes pleading toward the decay of democracy, toward a dusty Lincoln, toward the grave of an unknown soldier. A patriot (or so we like to think) who died so we could have our humanity served to us through sterile tubes. So we could hole up behind our computer screens, jerking off to anime. Human bodies, too, have become disposable.

Our slogan might be “Freedom From Advertising,” or “Take Us Back To The Dark Ages,” or “Give Me Something Real To Aspire To.” But the blank signs say it best: our cultureless culture, TV history, blurred lines and antidepressants to keep us from thinking. Our symbol is an “X” that stands for nothing. Or MTV, the cable channel that’s been pummeling our eyes with pop Utopia for as long as most of us can remember. A Utopia that seems more real, sometimes, than the lives still stretched before us. The lives that we take our pills to cope with. Consequences? Man, who cares?

We envision the future: endless rows of clean white tile floors, bathed in the mind-fuck glow of humming fluorescent lights. On either side of us are endless choices of processed, pre-packaged, pre-tested, preserved, sterilized, good-for-80-years, low-calorie, brightly colored soup cans. Or dog food. Or veal. Or bioengineered crisp, green lettuce.

Get drunk in mommy’s Lexus and rob a 7-Eleven with the cheerleading squad? Why not? They were bored. Or maybe they were making a small, unconscious stand, on behalf of us all, against the future.

Elinor Abbott



#59 How To: Be A Good Neighbor ("Gated Community" model)

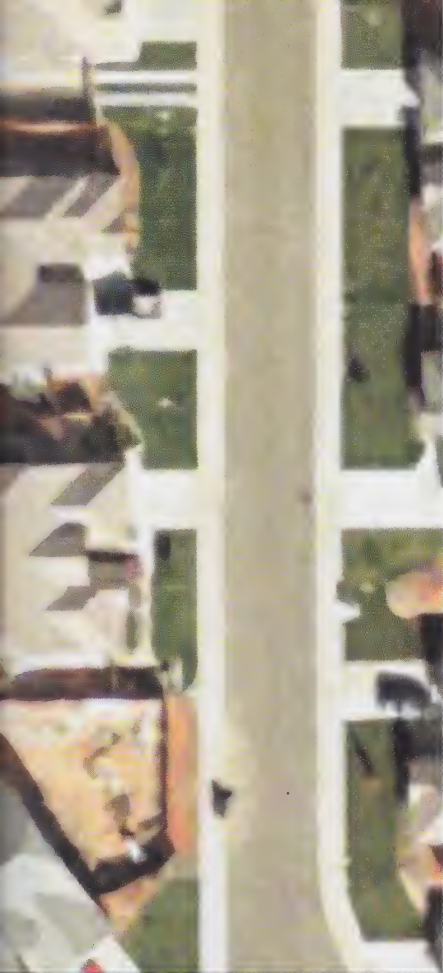
- a. Keep your home clean, orderly and in a good state of preservation.
- b. Do not alter the exterior of your home without written consent of the Board of Trustees.
- c. Mark all property lines with fences, walls or hedges no lower than three feet.
- d. As a guide to behavior and actions, ask whether the act could be considered "injurious to the reputation of the Community." Such injury is actionable.
- e. Don't walk your dog off-leash.
- f. Don't sweep or throw any material from doors or windows.
- g. Don't produce noise at a level greater than typical street noise for the time of day or night in question.
- h. Don't practice either vocal or instrumental music or operate any phonograph, radio, television or other loud speaker between 11:00 p.m. and 8:00 a.m.
- i. Clotheslines are forbidden.
- j. Do not display any sign, including during elections, except as approved by the Board of Trustees.
- k. Skateboards, bicycles, rollerblades and unattended children are forbidden in common areas and parks.
- l. No pets. No feeding of wildlife. No birdhouses or birdbaths.
- m. No barbecuing.
- n. The concierge will not make dinner or theater reservations. He or she shall, however, make taxi or limousine reservations.
- o. Keep the gate concierge up-to-date on all "Permission to Enter" forms.
- p. Barbed wire should be used only in areas that are not visible from streets.
- q. Prefer decorative rather than "jail-straight" window bars.
- r. Do not approach neighbors with "quality of life" concerns. Deal with all concerns through the Board of Trustees.





Ethnic scapegoating is in, and snitching's making a comeback from its halcyon days of McCarthyism. Recently, the FBI had to shut down its hotline for snitchers because of the overwhelming response of neighbors snitching on neighbors, friends on friends, strangers on strangers, families on families, even citizens snitching on themselves.





My yard was out of control. The grass was shamefully long. The bushes, so geometric in my neighbor's yard, were outrageously overgrown. There were strange, almost extra-terrestrial weeds in my backyard. Worst of all were the blackberry vines, crawling out from beneath the bushes and burrowing back into the lawn to form tripwires with teeth.

I'd never had to care for a yard before. I owned no tools, no lawnmower, no work gloves. I didn't even notice my yard until after the spring rains; suddenly, it had turned into a public symbol of slovenly failure. I would scurry in and out of my house, hoping the neighbors wouldn't see me as chaos crept up through the cracks in my paved, civilized existence. My life had fallen apart and the whole street knew it. My yard was an eyesore and they hated me for it.

Ferns crowded the sidewalk. My landlord stopped by and threatened to send in a crew of immigrant gardeners at an exorbitant price. Finally, I walked out the back door and into a blackberry vine thick as a tree trunk wrapped in barbed wire. I couldn't take it anymore. I bought two different kinds of hedge clippers – one for reaching deep into the bushes and another for clipping off large chunks of scrub. Then I picked up a second-hand, four-horsepower lawnmower from a tinkerer in Georgetown.

The first step was to take out the blackberry vines. It was like wrestling a mass of angry cobras. Three-inch spikes poked through my old winter gloves, clawed at my naked forearms. I hadn't been so scratched since I tried to give a bath to a stray cat. The vines snarled at me. I snarled back, clenching my teeth.

As I struggled, sweat on my face and blood on my arms, I had an epiphany. Nature is the enemy, and the destiny of the human race is to beat it into subservience. The bleeding-hearts and hippies had fooled me with their false promises of co-existence with nature. Disease-ridden animals; ferocious predators; poisonous plants, insects, fungus, bacteria, mold, viruses –

this planet's been trying to kill us since we got here. Our only hope is to destroy it before it destroys us.

I began plowing into the hedges. Snip! That's for athlete's foot. Snip! That's for the time I went skinny-dipping and set my pants down in a bunch of nettles. Snip! That's for mosquitoes. And that's for frostbite. And that's for the earthquakes, hurricanes, floods, fires, volcanic eruptions . . .

Wild-eyed, I went for the lawnmower. As I began to decimate the grass, a crude manifesto wrote itself in my fevered brain: "Peaceful co-existence with nature" my ass! We spent hundreds of thousands of years as starving apes shivering in caves, trying to exist in a hostile environment. No regulations cooled the desert sun; no lobby group won concessions from the blast-furnace winds. So we created our own environment where nature couldn't touch us – what else were we supposed to do? Of course we're the worst enemy this planet has ever known. We clawed our way to the top of the food chain, and now we're supposed to go easy on the forces that have been murdering us since the get-go? Fuck that. Fuck the environment, and fuck this entire planet! They say we have to compromise with the living Earth or we'll destroy ourselves. But is that true? Each generation finds new ways to defy the laws of physics. We only need the power and knowledge to create our own world before we squeeze the last dying gasps from this one's throat.

When I had finally beaten back the foliage, I found one weed still standing. It was almost exactly as tall as I was; somehow, I couldn't destroy a weed that could look me in the eye. I left it as a sort of monument to a fallen foe. Though I knew it would just start seeding the yard with another brood, some part of me looked forward to our next meeting on the battlefield. It had no hand to shake, so I gave it a salute, walked back into the house, and looked through the phone book for a gun shop.

Jason Jensen

Green	Road to Avonlea (CC)	Gardener	Neighbour	Corona'n	Emmrdale	Magic Bus	Daring	Simpsons	Canada	Canada
bour	Corona'n	Emmrdale	Magic Bus	Daring	Simpsons	Jonovision	Canada	Canada	Life and Times (C	
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& B.	Rosie O'Donnell (CC)	General Hospital (CC)		Drew	Whose?		Oprah Winfrey (CC)	News (S) (CC)		
(CC)	Rosie O'Donnell (CC)	Oprah Winfrey (CC)		Fortune	Jeopardy!		News (CC)	My Wife	Jim	
ons (CC)		Young-Restless	News	News	Global	Bob	Entertain	'70s Show	Unde	
	Crossing	Days of Our Lives	Young-Restless		Global	Global	Entertain	'70s Show	Unde	
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	As the World Turns (S)	Passions (CC)		Crossing	Young-Restless	News	News	News	Glob	
ay.	First Wave (CC)	5th Wheel	Blind Date	News (CC)		Seinfeld	Friends	To Be Announc		
	Cityline	Maury (CC)		YOU ARE IN CONTROL				News		
ct	Star Trek: Voyager (S)	Seinfeld	Spin City	News (CC)		Edition	Hollywood	Buffy Vampire		
& B.	ER (S) (CC)	General Hospital (CC)		Frasier (S)	Drew	Rosie O'Donnell (CC)	News (S) (CC)			
C)	One Life to Live (CC)	General Hospital (CC)		Pt Charles	Maury (CC)		News (S)	News (S)	ABC	
C)	One Life to Live (CC)	General Hospital (CC)		Northwest Afternoon		Rosie O'Donnell (CC)	News (CC)			
& B.	As the World Turns (S)	Guiding Light (S) (CC)		Ananda Lewis		Oprah Winfrey (CC)	News	CBS		
& B.	As the World Turns (S)	Guiding Light (S) (CC)		Montel Williams (CC)	Judy	Judy	News (CC)			
Prog.	Days of Our Lives	Passions (CC)		Rosie O'Donnell (CC)	Judy	News	News	NBC		
	Days of Our Lives	Passions (CC)		Iyanla (S) (CC)		Oprah Winfrey (CC)	News (CC)			
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				Crier		To Serve and Protect		Murder One (S) (CC)	Nash Bridges (S)	
	Frontiers of		Forbidden Places (CC)		Crocodile Hunter (CC)		At Discovery.ca (CC)		Wild Discovery (C	
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	East	Hot Off	Martha	Mario	Cooks	Cook	Christine Cushing Live		Emerl Live (S)	
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	Leaderbrd	Paid Prog.	Paid Prog.	Paid Prog.	Profiles	Golf	Golf	GolfCentrl	Golf-Academy	
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	Hockey	TBA	Preps	TBA	See This	SportsCntl	To Be Announced			
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men	Lumberjck	Strong-	Road Rule	To Be Announced		Timber	Lumberjck	Strong-	Drifters: Water	
	Hollywood	Judy	Judy	Brown	News (CC)		Stargate SG-1 (S)		JAG (S) (CC)	
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	Study	WonderYr	Little House		Road to Avonlea (CC)		Cosby	Summer	To Be Announced	
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	Cosby	Cosby	7th Heaven (S) (CC)		Full Hse.	Fam. Mat.	Fresh Pr.	Fresh Pr.	Movie	
	Pokemon	Jackie	7th Heaven (S) (CC)		Sabrina	Fresh Pr.	Friends	Raymond	Gilmore Girls (S) (
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h"	★½ "Anna and the King" ('99)	Jodie Foster. (S)	'PG-13'		"Jacob Two Two Meets the Hooded Fang"				Inside	

30









Today I felt the need to look for a sign. I was unsure where to look for suspicious activity, so I thought I would walk through my neighborhood to see what I could see.

The first sign I saw was a homemade witch smashing into a telephone pole. The bird lady down the street had made it. She had built it years ago, before smashed witches were commercially available. This year she had labeled the witch's broom "BIN LADIN" and the telephone pole "USA." She had also built a very pretty red, white and blue glowing gate to her house. Across the street a Hispanic family had a huge American flag displayed among the homemade ghosts and skeletons that hung from their umbrella tree. In fact, every house in my neighborhood that had a Halloween display also had a big flag in the mix.

There are two reasons for this: One, I live near the flag store, and two, Halloween is the biggest holiday in Austin. The ancient Celtic holiday of Samhain, when the dead return, comes into full effect. Here a flag with skeletons; there a flag with jack-o-lanterns. Or ghosts. Or black cats.

Never in my life had I seen such powerful necromancy.

I walked on. Down at the end of the block, I saw a large marquee reading, in Korean, "God Bless America" — it was in front of the Korean Presbyterian Church. The Episcopal church next door was ready for a harvest festival. I always go, trying to win the homemade quilt, and I always lose.

I walked past the Mexican AA group, past several boring shops and even past Quentin Tarantino's favorite bar in Austin, Lala's Little Nugget. I stopped in my neighborhood convenience store.

"How's it going guys?"

"Not too bad, only two death threats today."

Did I mention they're Lebanese? I bought a Diet Coke.

I went on up to the local magic shop. They told me sales were down for everything except Nostradamus books. Next door, the Episcopal Thrift store was just closing; the old ladies were leaving. They love me, because every time I diet I bring in clothes. "Don't you look thin, Mr. Webb," they said. "You just keep drinking that Diet Coke."

I walked further. The sun was the color of weak tea, and Urmilla was just going on-shift at the 7-Eleven. "Namaste!" I say to her and she returns the greeting. She stops for a moment and says, "Nobody seems to know that I'm not Arab, except you and your wife."

"Tell them you're Mexican," I say.

I head home. I've a class to teach in an hour: Writing the Modern Mystery.

Halfway there I stop in front of a yard with 23 homemade ghosts flying on strings from a sycamore tree. The house also has a big flag on a newly installed pole. I open my Diet Coke and walk into the space between the tree and the pole.

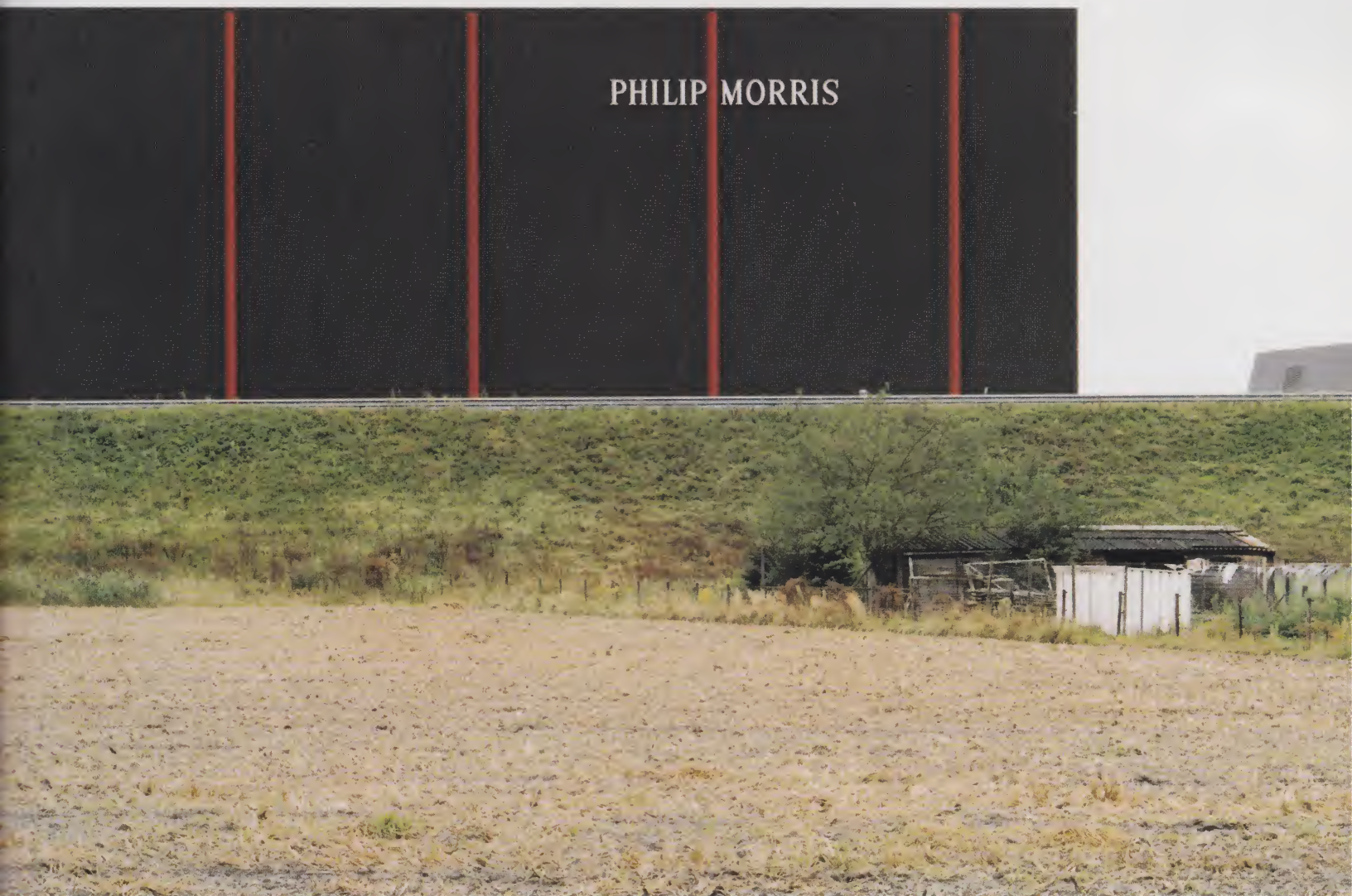
"This is for the spirits of the dead that are diabetic like me. Drink and be well, and bring us a great New Year." I pour my Coke on the thick Bermuda grass.

The retarded kid from a few blocks away had watched me on his bike. He rode up to me as I walked home. I figured he was going to ask me about my actions, and I was trying to think of something to say that wouldn't anger his fundamentalist parents.

Instead he said, "Ghosts scare me too."

Don Webb





#68 How To: Create Loyal Customers

- a. Believe in your product. Be prepared, however, to conceal your belief.
- b. Defend your customers. Lawsuits are not launched against your company; they are launched against the rights of your customers. Regulations do not limit your actions; they limit the freedoms of your customers. Boycotts do not attack your stock value, but rather the values of your customers.
- c. Everyone loves a champion. But everyone loves an underdog, too.
- d. Be everywhere.
- e. Never let the goody two shoes get you down.













"Seven Most Powerful," which maps connections between the directors of major corporations. One of dozens of regularly updated <theyrule.net> charts



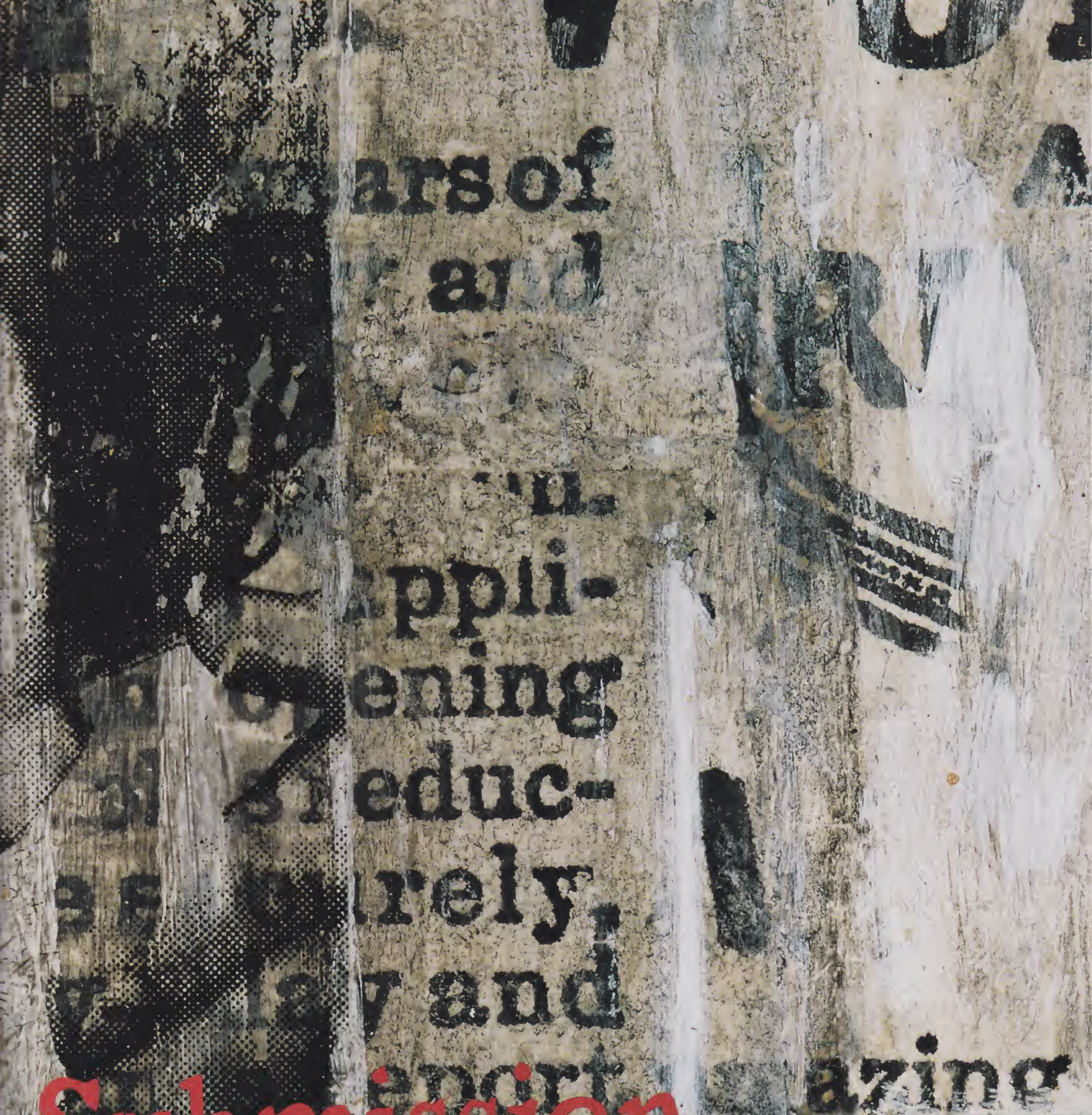
**START
HERE!**

#74 HOW TO:

The Psychology of

(NATION-BUILDING MODEL)

Illustrations by David Langley



Submission

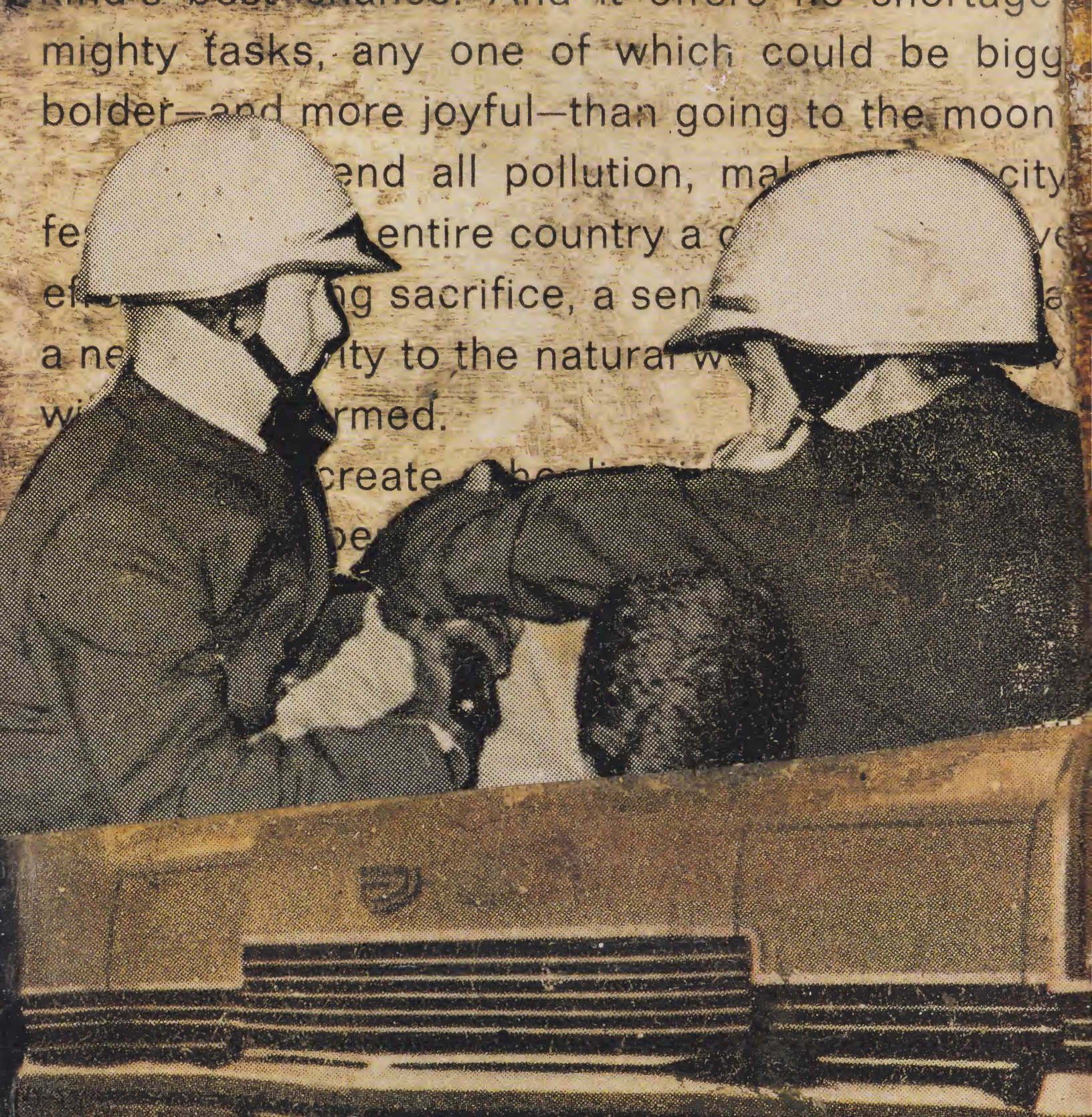
HISTORY HAS BEEN A LONG MARCH OF LIBERTY FOR CAPITAL AGAINST THE STATE. IN THIS NEW millennium, nations and governments are finally fading, making way for a global culture. In the future we will no longer *organize ourselves* — giving power to some over others — but rather we will *be organized* by the natural fluctuations of the economy. Today, the goal of nation-building is a courageous submission to the market. The international community has a duty to help make it happen. There are four steps, time-tested by the International Monetary Fund and World Bank.



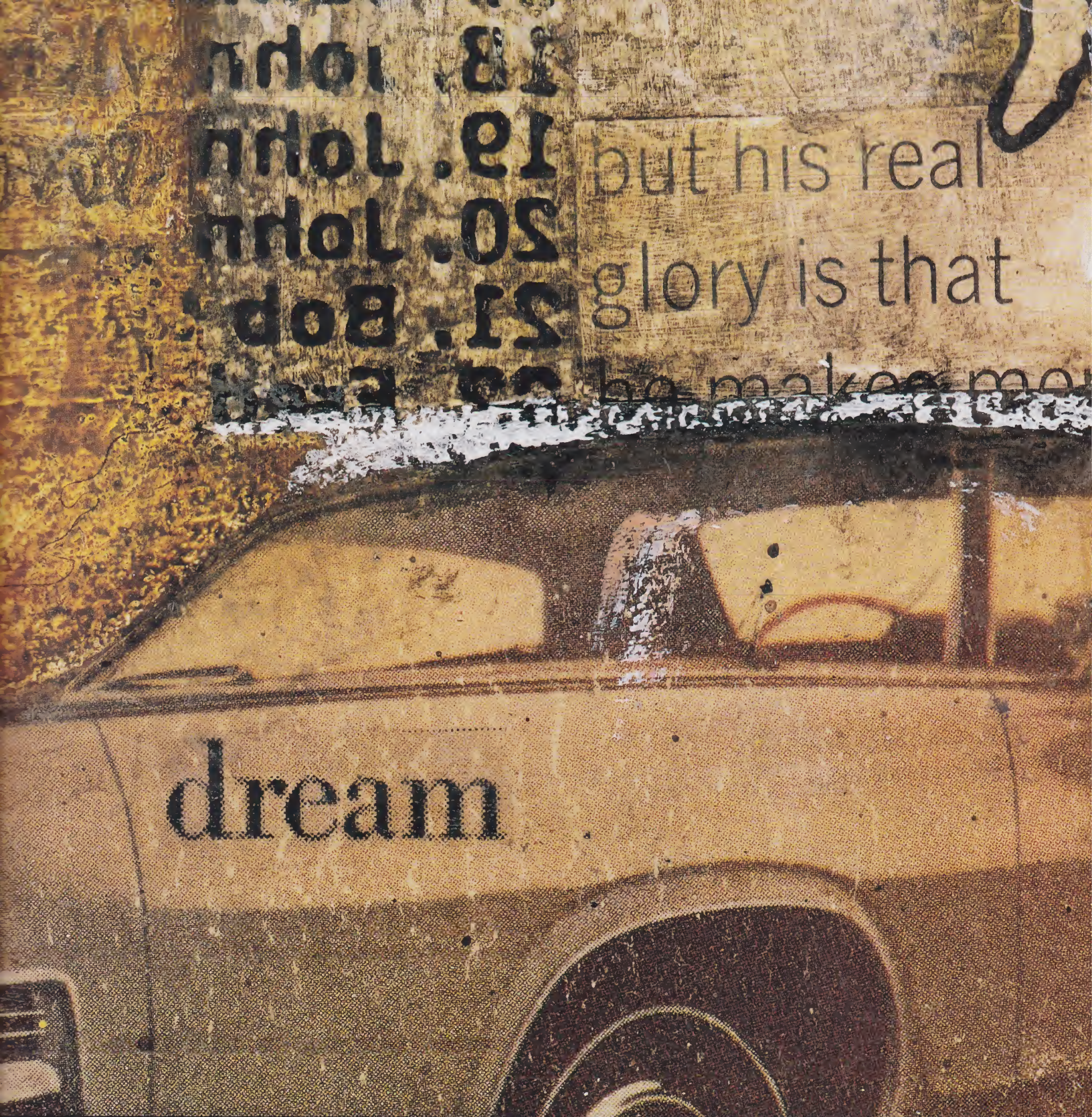
- a. Modern nation-building begins with loans, but only to plant the seeds of freedom. Privatization is the place to start. As a condition of any international loan, the debtor nation should immediately put up for sale its social services, government-owned industries and public infrastructure. This makes space for new investment. If a weak democracy is going to succeed, its government will need strong ties to successful corporations — international businesses that can look beyond the confusing demands of local people.



- b. Open capital markets allow money to flow in and out — a fundamental freedom. Of course, freedom is not without risks. Currency speculators have been known to cash out of entire economies in a matter of days, draining national currency reserves. The way to lure these important investors back is to raise interest rates by 30 percent or more. Yes, this will collapse property values and slow the local economy. But it brings in investors who can hunt with the big cats. A strong, centralized core of investors is the hallmark of an economic powerhouse: in the United States, over 80 percent of stocks and almost 60 percent of net worth is held by the wealthiest five percent of people.



- c. Change is never easy. When a government stops meddling in the market, the economy begins to tell the truth. Citizens are finally expected to pay the unsubsidized cost of food, water, cooking gas and public services. A responsible debtor nation expects "civil unrest." The answer here is political resolve. It is prudent to invest some loan income in military and police that can ensure the stability of government.



- d. Free trade is the ultimate goal, but be careful — the free trade agenda is easily “hijacked” by people driven not by a love of liberty, but by ideology. According to the United Nations Development Program, global inequality is far more extreme today than it was even at the end of WWII. Clearly, we have to work harder at achieving economic freedom. Keep in mind the following quote from Joseph Stiglitz, ex-chief economist of the World Bank: “It’s a little like the Middle Ages. When the patient died they would say, well, we stopped the bloodletting too soon. He still had a little blood in him.”



RESISTANCE

Two words to remember — empires fall

FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS, THE GLOBAL JUSTICE MOVEMENT HAS been like the child at the back of the crowd as the parade of history wheels by. As the pundits applaud and the marketeers cheer, we stand and shout that the Empire has no clothes, that its cloaks of finery are woven from financial fictions and economic voodoo.

Yet despite the present system's transparent contradictions and unsustainability, we also tend to imagine that its power is total, and to underestimate our own power to change it. The UN Development Program describes the current gaps between the world's richest and poorest as "grotesque" and "historically unprecedented," and the challenge of this new Empire seems overwhelming. But resistance is inequality's corollary. "The struggle will continue. That is human nature. One does not submit to oppression," says South African poet Dennis Brutus, who in the 1960s was imprisoned on Robben Island with Nelson Mandela. Today, Brutus campaigns against corporate globalization — what South African activists call "global apartheid."

Nothing about the future is predictable. There occur in



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA, DECEMBER 2001

"Only one nation refused to accept the psychology of submission. The Chechens never sought to please, to ingratiate themselves with the bosses; their attitude was always haughty and indeed openly hostile . . . And here is the extraordinary thing – everyone was afraid of them. No one could stop them from living as they did. The regime which had ruled the land for 30 years could not force them to respect its laws."

– Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *The Gulag Archipelago*

history certain moments of social and economic dislocation – for example, the industrial revolution in Europe – which are also the instants when social movements erupt that will change the world. We are creating a truly international resistance movement just as the revolution that we oppose – corporate globalization – is rife with symptoms of breakdown.

Activists from all over the planet are not taking to the streets because some anti-corporate political subculture has suddenly become hip, but because they are being dispossessed. For some, the dispossession is abstract – a loss of identity, of community or individual sovereignty. For the world's majority, however, the dispossession is as concrete as a handful of grain or a pension cheque.

Social unrest is almost everywhere one cares to look – the mainstream media has only failed to make the connections. News reports have celebrated China's expanding economy and newly minted membership in the World Trade Organization. Chinese labor activist Trini Leung tells a very different story. "Unrest has been growing among the retrenched workers and displaced farmers in the past decade," she says. "One can

safely say that at least hundreds of protest actions such as sit-ins, street demonstrations, road blocks take place daily across the country."

Political instability is spreading throughout the world, in particular hitting those regions where the global economy feeds its oil addiction. The US economy is deflating. Financial crises ripple outward with terrifying frequency (Argentina's current chaos can be traced back four years to the crash of the "Asian tiger" economies). Meanwhile, even apparent victories for the free traders may be hollower than they seem. Despite US trade representative Robert Zoellick's cry that the launch of a new trade round at the WTO meeting in Qatar last November had removed "the stain of Seattle," even the conservative *Financial Times* described the text as so vague it was "almost meaningless."

Protests against the world trade talks occurred in 60 countries, from 100,000 people in the streets of Rome to leafletting in Cameroon to a teach-in in Mongolia. Thai villagers protesting US patents on indigenous jasmine rice literally cursed the WTO meeting, burning traditional charms of chili and salt to



Japan lost face, the Asian Tiger lost its teeth, and Mexico limped home with a crippled peso. In December, Argentina – joined at the hip to the International Monetary Fund – became the latest nation to fall hard in the global economy's race to the bottom. This time, though, the people took charge. In a bloody insurrection, Argentinians destroyed symbols of corporate globalization, overthrew the government and rejected the "structural adjustment" programs of the IMF. Further up the global food chain, the economic giants look increasingly nervous.

bring the delegates bad luck. The extent of Middle Eastern civil society's opposition to globalization was unmistakable at a conference in Beirut, Lebanon, just before the Qatar meeting. And in India, thousands of farmers took to the streets of Delhi to condemn the destruction of peasant livelihoods under global free trade rules.

Talking to activists from Italy, from Papua New Guinea, from Nepal, from Bolivia, from South Africa, they all say that the heart of resistance is beating more urgently than ever. For many, the Empire at war is nothing new. For the indigenous Kuna living along the border between Colombia and Panama, for the *cocaleros* (coca growers) of Bolivia, for the Brazilian Landless Movement, the war has been ongoing for decades or even centuries. Afro-Colombian activist Naka Mandinga, from the black communities of freed slaves who live in the forests of Colombia, is one voice in a global multitude. "They call it 'development' when one person is a horse and the other is a horse rider with a whip," he says. "They have sent US-funded paramilitaries against our communities in order to access the biodiversity and the oil. Two million people have had to

leave the country."

It may be a constituency of the marginalized, but this global multitude is rich in human ingenuity, in collective resources, in imagination, and above all in sheer numbers. They – we – have only to remember that empires fall. British writer Nicholas Hildyard, of the radical research institute The Cornerhouse, reminds us that only one side is running scared: "Many seats of power have always been pretty powerless over many areas of our lives. If you read the literature of companies that we all ascribe great power to, their main preoccupation is how to overcome resistance from the likes of us and other movements. The most subversive thing we can do now is to free ourselves from fear and recognize our own power."

Mahatma Gandhi said it simpler still: "First they ignore you. Then they laugh at you. Then they fight you. Then you win."

Katharine Ainger (kat@newint.org) is a writer and activist. She is Co-Editor at *New Internationalist* magazine.

Devolution of an Image

A ONE-TWO PUNCH OF CORPORATE COOPTATION



The dollar sign on the toque, the mock casket, the fist raised in front of the penthouse suites of the Westin Seattle hotel – Tom Webb liked everything about this photo, taken in November 1999 at the “Battle in Seattle” against the World Trade Organization. Webb ran the image in the Winter 1999-2000 issue of *Bear Deluxe Magazine* (www.orlo.org), the national environmental journal he edits out of Portland, Oregon. Looking back, he says, “The woman just seemed like the prototypical protest image.”

Later that year, artist Larry Milam created an illustration inspired by the *Bear Deluxe* photo. The woodcut-style drawing dropped some of the details (e.g., the dollar sign), but the timeless statement – political defiance – remained unmistakable.

In 2001, a company called EarthLink bought the illustration from an on-line stock agency. Known for using protest subculture in its branding campaigns (recent tagline: “Net Hugger”), EarthLink is, well, just another Internet provider. Last fall, the almost unrecognizable image appeared in ads all over New York City. The devolution was complete: a moment of public defiance had become a sell-job for cyberspace privacy.

On the Way to Retreat

BY MUHAMMAD NASRULLAH KHAN

The sun was about to hide itself behind the black peak when Rafeel reached the old bus stop. Though the particular smell of the land made him excited, he was feeling himself an outsider in the place where he had spent many years of his life. Twenty years ago, he'd slipped out of his country in utmost dejection. He had been young, brave and non-conformist, and therefore was declared a rebel against the army government. There were two choices open to him: surrender or leave.

Now, gray-haired, he stood in his old home, and nothing had changed; black rock concealed the sun with the same greed and the army had come into power again. He looked at the faces of the people; they had become paler; their eyes were empty and deadpan. They were still in their soiled rags, scavenging through the trash for discarded crumbs. They were the citizens of a moth-eaten country. Their corrupt leaders had sucked the blood from their bodies and raped the state, over and over. Nature had also turned against them: there had been floods, earthquakes, famine. Now they were spiritless bodies, living for the sake of life. These neglected souls were the scapegoats of every government.

Poverty was their crime and they were paying its penalty, as their ancestors had. Yet they were so simple-hearted, and bereft of memory, that any leader could deceive them. Rafeel remembered the final meeting with his family, outside of his sanctuary in the barren mountains. His father had said, "My son, now I am too decayed to face the vultures." There was more than pity in his feeble and frightened eyes.

"Is it more horrible than death?" Rafeel asked. "Is there something more powerful than your ideas, father?"

His father did not reply, just turned his face, his head held low. The old man was not ready to accept the humiliation of defeat. This was something new and strange for Rafeel, like a nightmare. The fall of that great man hurt him, and a horrible wave of guilt overwhelmed his broken heart.

"You should leave, Rafeel," the old man said. "They are chasing you like a stray dog."

Rafeel's mother slept, her face toward the door. It seemed as if sleep had overpowered her while she was on watch; but even in sleep her face was not peaceful. He went close to her, sat near her bed for a while, kissed her hand silently and then, with a

heavy heart, moved quickly to his waiting mare. He did not have the courage to look back. In those few steps he traveled centuries.

Soon the horse was galloping, leaving behind the barking dogs, masters of the land. On that same dark night he crossed the border of his country, even as the clouds covered the stars. Before disappearing, he looked back upon his homeland with dejected eyes. All of his father's teachings about bravery ended in smoke; he found everything small, empty. He had always been hostile toward the withdrawn souls, and now he himself was one of them. The taste of defeat moved him to rolling tears, which were absorbed by the earth. He saw the ashes of his dreams.

With deep disgust he spat into the air. "This is for you, the exploiters. Bravo! You have defeated your own land, your own men. You are the beasts who can never be trusted. I spit on you, you unfruitful and lustful men! Woe to those who will live among you and your bad breath."

Rafeel had joined the thousands of political workers forced into exile and very often killed, unnoticed and unknown, without medals or rewards. The exiled were committed to a cause and led by dreams of emancipation. Their free spirits and free hearts made their enemies violent, but they themselves were driven to misery. Eventually they came to know that the beneficiaries of their commitment were the agents and agencies of the establishment – but by then it was too late.

What happened to Rafeel during 20 years of exile was another hellish story, the worst part of which was this: all of his sacrifices did not bring change in his country. The leaders presided over feudal democracies. Common people came to accept this situation. After a little poison now and again, which delivered them into sweet dreams, they were ready to take a lot of poison for the promise of a sweeter death.

The sight of an ancient tea-hut brought Rafeel back to the present. He recognized the old man working there. It was his uncle Rasoola, who had run the hut since Rafeel was a child. Rasoola was closing up shop when Rafeel reached him. "Can you give me a cup of tea?" Rafeel asked in the native accent. Rasoola turned his sun-burned, wrinkled face, and squinted at the stranger.

"Chacha Rasoola, this is unfriendly behavior. It is unlike you." Old Rasoola was baffled.

"I am Rafeel, son of Murad Khan," Rafeel said.

Rasoola let the information sink in, and then his eyes widened. "Oh, you naughty boy of Khan's. My hero! Come close to me."

He hugged Rafeel warmly and started kissing his head. Rasoola, once so strong, had become weak and old.

Later, Rafeel sat down on the big bedstead and, in the dim light of the fire, keenly observed the face of Rasoola. Hidden in his wrinkles, Rafeel saw the centuries of deprivation and hunger that was the fate of third-world countries. The endless work in the scorching sunlight to meet the needs of the offspring.

Rasoola made a special bowl of tea for Rafeel and, wiping the sweat off his forehead, said, "We will talk a lot tonight."

"No," replied Rafeel, "I want to see my home. I can't wait."

"Have you forgotten that this is the time of year when hungry wolves come out of mountains?"

"Even then, Chacha, I will go."

"I will tell you stories."

"Stories of what? Of wolves?"

"No, I will tell you stories of men who are more vicious than wolves. And you will tell me stories of the wolves of abroad. You must have come across many."

"Yes, Chacha, but those wolves were of their land: foreign wolves."

Promising to return to finish the conversation, Rafeel started walking toward his village. There were many small settlements on the way. As he passed through the first he saw an old man fettered in chains. Rafeel knew him: he was Bukshoo, who had lost his mind in youth. People of the village had shackled him because he had thrown heavy stones at his neighbors. Rafeel stopped for a moment to look at this man. His white beard touched the ground; his mouth frothed. Bukshoo looked back at the stranger, made a bowl of his hand, threw dust on the ground and started rolling in it like a tired donkey. Rafeel could not process the horrible scene, and so he started walking again. His country had become an atomic power, but Bukshoo was still in chains.

"I won't think about people. Already I have suffered a lot. I won't say anything against anybody. My mother is old and needs my care; I will live with her. To hell with the people! Democracy, justice and emancipation are just romantic notions. Everything is futile, shallow and absurd."

Rafeel stroked the ground with his foot and kept on walking. He heard the voice of the mountains: "Everything is shallow. Everything is absurd."

To overcome those oppressive thoughts, he stared at the red light on the mountain, and his mind cast back to his childhood. He remembered the day all the villagers gathered to see this strange thing for the first time; many simple farmers were so frightened they hid themselves in their homes. Everyone filtered the sight through their own innocent perception. Rafeel's older brother told him the light was a uranium reactor. Khair Shah, shepherd of the village, never believed it was a man-made thing; he was sure it was the light of a saint, sitting on the mountain.

In that far-off village, where there was no electricity, no clean water, no medication for the dying, the red light was something supernatural. When Rafeel's father brought radio, villagers ran terrified from the village. It took them many months to adjust to that speaking box.

When Rafeel reached a cluster of thick trees, a melancholic memory sprang to mind. This was the place where they had found the remains of Kaloo, a boy of the village who was never afraid of the wild beasts that came in the night. After Kaloo had gone missing for many days, his friends started searching for him; they found only his bones. Hungry wolves had left little behind. Almost everybody believed that these trees were the home of witches, whom many had even claimed to have seen. Nobody dared cut down a tree – nobody except Kaloo. (It was now a common belief that witches ate Kaloo.) Rafeel was surprised that not a single tree had been touched in his long absence. He felt a wave move up his spine: the shape of the cluster of trees was the shape of his country.

It was almost midnight when he reached the edge of his village. He remembered the loud barking of dogs that used to greet him on his return, late at night, from battle with wild beasts. Hung with ugly truths, he stood there in the darkness. He imagined the face of his mother, and ran like a child toward it, toward his home, the last retreat of every falling man.

Muhammad Nasrullah Khan is a writer in Pakistan.

CARNIVAL RIOTS AND DEVIANT LEISURE

BY DAVID REDMON

PHOTOS/CAPTIONS BY
MATT DELAHUNT





THE FOLLOWING SUSPECTS ARE WANTED BY THE FEDERAL Bureau of Investigation: clowns and jesters; people in masks; fire-eaters, jugglers and stilt-walkers; public nudists and streakers; those who dance in the streets; pie-throwers; anarchists in black, purple and green; anyone in possession of a catapult loaded with plush-toy animals; and all women who tickle the police with enormous pink feathers. Everywhere in the carnival there are elements of transgression, resistance and pleasure.

And terror?

Carnival, said the 20th-century Russian theorist Mikhail Bakhtin, “was the true feast of time, the feast of becoming, change and renewal. It was hostile to all that was immortalized and completed.” Carnival was a moment that renewed the social body through laughter, celebration and liberation from etiquette, decency, power and privilege. It has always been an interruption of stricture and structure. It is a world turned upside-down.

In time, carnival became inseparable from rebellion. Again and again throughout history, the momentum of crowds in the streets has suspended institutional control and ignited insurrection, from the French Revolution to slave resistance to the recent near-revolt during “soccer riots” in Iran. The carnival of dissent has shaped our world. In the 18th century, political reformers called for a reorganization of whole cities as a means to eliminate conflict. Narrow streets, “so tortuous, so full of bends and senseless angles, should be straightened and

enlarged,” reads a recommendation to the post-revolutionary government of France. “They should be extended as much as possible to eliminate too frequent windings. At all intersections of streets the corners should be rounded; at all crossroads there should be squares.”

Today, these same streets seem perfectly designed for orderly transportation, easy shopping and long sight-lines to signs and billboards. With effort, though, we can still remember that the original inspiration was in part a kind of panopticon – a place where nothing and no one is hidden from view. In May 2001, in a presentation entitled “Threat of Terrorism to the United States,” FBI director Louis J. Freeh reminded US senators that carnival remains a clear and present danger. “Anarchists and extremist socialist groups – such as the Workers World Party, Reclaim the Streets and Carnival Against Capitalism – have an international presence and, at times, also represent a potential threat in the United States.”

Of course, the Carnival Against Capitalism is not an organization, but a social movement that aims to curtail inequality, global consumer capitalism and transnational corporate power by creating equity, solidarity, diversity, self-management and ecological balance. Although few Americans know it, these mass demonstrations have connections with at least 20 years of mass protests against the IMF and World Bank in developing nations worldwide (Argentina is only the most recent example). In the 1990s this movement began to take on



I'M GOING TO LEAVE MY MARK AS AN INDIVIDUAL.
SEE IT, INTERPRET IT AS YOU WILL. BUT BY IT I EXIST.

the timeless form of the carnival: a celebration that is both a threat to the social order and a pressure-release valve that reinforces everyday life. We let off steam, and it helps us put up with the spin doctors and the climate changes and the specter of one billion people starving on Earth. At the same time, we create an anarchist moment in which people, food, justice and housing are more important than profit, bombs, property and discipline. We stage a revolt of desire.

But why? And why now?

The carnival *against* capitalism has everything to do with the carnival *of* capitalism. Leisure, diversion, amusement – these are pillars of the ideology of consumerism. In exchange for the jobs and work that take over more and more of our lives, we are offered beach resorts and Lara Croft, mini-champagne and tours of Everest, home theaters that we share with *Friends*. The SUV, valued more for the lifestyle it represents than the way it will really be used, is an icon of the times. Still, despite the megaplex and the theme-park mall, not everyone can access “legitimate” recreation, and many of those that can are jaded by commodified experience. Where consumer culture is the norm, it makes sense that it will give rise to the “extreme protests” of carnival dissent.

The targets of the carnival are corporations, consumerism and wealth, or at least their most visible symbols. A consumer society buttressed by transnational corporations that gain their security and illegitimate power from the state and military

interference only intensifies the anger of those who already feel scorned by global capitalism. McDonald's, Coca-Cola, Mercedes, the big banks, Gap, Starbucks, Nike: the transcendence of a brand into global ubiquity marks the instant its authority will be called to account in the carnival.

We gather in carnival resistance for many reasons: political, symbolic, personal, spiritual, ethical, utilitarian. But who can deny the lust for kicks? Direct action for many demonstrators fulfills the desires that have been both fueled and contained by consumer culture. Our outrage – over third world sweatshops, the gulf between rich and poor, an ecology under siege – is too deep to express with an orderly march or speakers on a podium. At the same time, hyperconsumerism stokes a lust for life that is too hot-burning to repress. It overflows traditional protest.

The fact is that our protests are both sincere political expression and a wonderful, wild, dangerous game. Tearing down the chainlink “wall of shame” in Quebec City during the 2001 Summit of the Americas: it was an intense adrenaline rush. “It was emotional solidarity, one of the most amazing feelings I’ve ever experienced,” one protester told me. “We knew that wall had to come down. I was even shot by the police with this rubber bullet!” With sincere gratification, he handed me the blunt plastic cylinder.

Working in jail solidarity or collective assistance releases an affectionate pleasure. When our snake-marches outmaneuver the police and begin to take the streets, we feel desire. We enjoy



HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU SEE? DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY SHOULD ALL HAVE THE SAME OPINIONS? HOWEVER INCOHERENT THE RESULT, EVERYONE GO AND MAKE YOUR OWN MARK.

intensive thrills from shared political participation; we experience collective outbursts of joy when we resist. On the other hand, there is risk: the police arsenal includes batons, dogs, bullets, tear gas, pepper spray and more. Carnival protest is its own kind of transgressive leisure with its own “extreme” element – built-in dangers that heighten the adrenal rush. “Much of what I do has a game-like quality about it,” says “Blackbeard,” who protests with affinity groups using Black Bloc tactics. “It’s like cat-and-mouse, especially with the police. They chase me; I evade them and laugh. That’s playful, but it’s also dangerous. I’ve been hit. My friends have been assaulted. And sometimes people will get shot. But it’s important to be here, to continue resisting.”

Our strategies of resistance and destruction do not mirror capitalist imperatives. Activists do not destroy forests, but rather the machines that do. We do not commodify life, but celebrate it. We do not steal pleasure, but create it. One reason corporate property is destroyed is to open up public space: to culture jam. No one steals merchandise; if anything, it is burned. Cars are a common target, and the act is anything but “random, senseless destruction.” Lexus, BMW and Audi are the makes of choice, along with police cars and SUVs. Just as branding is a form of burning, burning is a form of branding.

When we join in carnival dissent we are responding to a culture saturated by inequality and commercialism that colonizes public space and exploits people everywhere. At the

same time, we are responding to that culture’s unfulfillable promise of ever-newer and more intense experience. “New excitements and desires become an essential part of everyday life,” notes the British sociologist Mike Presdee. “Excitement under these conditions becomes a commodity to be bought, sold and consumed like all other objects. As everyday life becomes less and less interesting, so it becomes less and less bearable and there is felt a general desire for daily excitement that becomes an essential ingredient in a consumer commodity culture.”

Here we come full circle. The challenge of collectively targeting a Gap or Nike store can be more intense than the emotional challenge of bungee jumping; the emotional sensation of reclaiming the streets can be more powerful than the satisfactions of a holiday safari. In fact, the excitement of the carnival against capitalism is probably shared by the police who disperse it. As one protester told me, “I cannot say that I don’t feel an enormous rush and a constant high at these demonstrations, because I do. I love it. The anticipation of not knowing what’s going to happen among thousands of protesters is a tremendously pleasurable feeling.”

Everywhere in the world, comparatively wealthless and powerless citizens confront a developed system of production, structural adjustment and consumption that relies almost entirely on a system of regulation combined with an imperative to consume: the self-destructive cocktail of global capitalism. Our celebrations and street democracy are

WE GATHER IN CARNIVAL RESISTANCE FOR MANY REASONS: POLITICAL, SYMBOLIC, RELIGIOUS, PERSONAL, SPIRITUAL, ETHICAL, UTILITARIAN. BUT WHO CAN DENY THE LUST FOR KICKS?

passionate adaptations. Indeed, our carnival is a war of pleasure pursued on many fronts. To paraphrase social theorist Michel Foucault, where there is power, there is a plurality of resistances, each of them a special case. Resistances are spontaneous, savage, solitary, organized, violent and non-violent. Resistances are spread over time and space at varying densities. One possible evolution is a resistance movement that is intense, dispersed and relentlessly pursued, appearing anywhere and at every minute of the day – a core precept of culture jamming. Perhaps this is why the FBI and corporations are fearful: they see terror in pleasure. As George Bataille said, “All moments of excess stir us to the roots of our being and give us strength enough to allow free rein to our elemental nature.”

We respond to death with life, discipline with desire, conformity with resistance, obedience with dancing, and labor with carnivals. Those who participate know that their spectacular performances are seductive, inviting others to join in. The pleasure and passion have attracted more and more people to the protests and in many ways have sustained them. The anticapitalist movement allows a suspension of the mandated rules in society. It dissolves borders within societies and between nations. It creates momentum for a global carnival.

As consumer capitalism intensifies, so will the creative ways to resist it. Cities and streets, even straightened into broad boulevards and monitored with cameras, are already too uncertain a field of confrontation for the state and the police. The next meeting of G8 world leaders, in June, will be held in Kananaskis, a hideaway in Canada’s Rocky Mountain wilderness. But the carnival is nothing if not a shape-shifter. “Can you imagine riot troops in full body armor plodding through dense forests? What were they thinking?” asks an anti-G8 website. “Don’t they remember Vietnam? Don’t they remember *Return of the Jedi* when the Ewoks kicked Stormtrooper ass in the forests of Endor?” The agenda for June 7 demonstrations is typical. “Set up tent city on the edge of Kananaskis. Have a huge festival of resistance including music, workshops, food, naked hippies. Create space.” The carnival continues.

David Redmon is working on a book and a documentary series about carnivals of, and against, capitalism. He is currently in China.



PHOTO: FANCLUI

Just Because You're Not Paranoid...

...Doesn't mean you're not being stroboscopically photographed from space

During the 1990s it became commonplace for police and the secret service to photograph folks at even the smallest or most pacific protests. Some outcomes are obvious – witness demonstrators covering their faces, for example, which police and politicians aggressively denounce without acknowledging their own role in the trend. Less clear is the extent to which these police tactics have stifled dissent or channeled it into underground resistance.

The situation isn't improving. In recent years, surveillance and infiltration have targeted organizations as transparent as Amnesty International, the Green Party and Canada's radical chorus group, the Raging Grannies. (In the 1985 bombing of a Greenpeace boat by French agents, government actions extended to state terrorism.) Global justice protesters report officers making arrests while consulting file photos for easy identification, or waiting in custody as police review video of protests to find evidence for charges.

But the image of uniformed cops taking snaps from the sidelines may soon seem as quaint as beat cops handing out lollipops in the 'hood. Closed-circuit television (CCTV) is now a permanent fixture in major European and North American cities, and new "stroboscopic" cameras can take 100 photographs a second – even large crowds can be comprehensively recorded, moment by moment. To this technology, add in the expanding capacity to create mammoth digital photographic databases or,

more alarmingly, mandatory photo ID cards (already in place in Germany). Combine with rapidly developing face-recognition systems. Throw in the fact that even private satellite photos are now detailed enough that you can count individual soldiers marching in a line – and that military satellites are believed to be *at least* five times as powerful. Now ask yourself whether University of Colorado ethnic studies professor Ward Churchill is out to lunch when he describes the US as "probably the most developed police state in the history of the planet."

The defense for all these God's-eye projects has never changed: if you're not doing anything wrong, then who cares who's watching? After September 11, that statement has lost whatever bland comfort it might have offered. In the with-us-or-against-us world, where hundreds of Americans have been essentially kidnapped for questioning, where the ethics of torture have been re-opened for debate, and where closed trials are a real possibility, political expression is a blurry path through a minefield.

The good news: social and environmental activists are probably not a current priority. But harsh new systems of surveillance will be tested and deployed in the "war on terror." Raise your hand if you think those tactics will go back in the box as the threat of terror fades. Didn't think so.

Staff



Intimidation

ONE MORNING, THEY MADE US ALL DEPUTIES

First they came for the young Arab-looking men, and I did not speak up because I am not a young Arab-looking man...

To describe post-September 11 America as a police state is to do grave insult to the survivors of truly repressive regimes, where the foreigners and activists and academics and critical journalists rounded up for questioning tend not to be seen again alive.

But make no mistake: a clampdown is in place – in America, in Canada, in Britain, in continental Europe – of such a dimension it challenges the right of these countries to call themselves democracies. The supposedly immovable object called citizens' rights met an irresistible force called "preventative justice." And it got crushed.

The program isn't to break bones, but to set limits – what we can say, endorse, speak up against. That means Seattle Jr. high school teacher Vince Halloran can be flushed from a political rally and threatened with arrest for displaying the Corporate America flag. And insufficiently patriotic concert-goers detained at the Canada-US border-crossing near Blaine are invited to retrieve their passports from the trash can into which the customs agent dumped them. It means airline passengers are subjected to profiling, and a new CIA Internet spying technology code-named "Magic Lantern" sweeps everyone into the panopticon, from the kid downloading Alyssa Milano to the grandmother researching her retirement fund on the web.

Feel powerless? You shouldn't. We all have an important role to play, the government assures. It has issued us deputy's badges: civil servants are now censors, private citizens are spies. We can snitch on whomever makes us vaguely uneasy. Suspicious types like San Franciscan Barry Reingold, overheard dissing the war effort between bench-press sets in the gym (he received a visit in his home from FBI agents). Or Canadian Norm Greenfield, who tried to make a copy of Bill c-36 – the Canadian anti-terrorism legislation (when he came to retrieve the job at Office Depot, he was shaken down for info, motives, contacts). Or the 40 university professors and administrators who dared to criticize

American foreign policy (for the discourtesy of promoting "tolerance and understanding as antidotes to evil," their names appeared on a public blacklist issued by a powerful alumni association founded by the vice-president's wife).

The recommended course of action is clear: go along to get along. Don't rock the boat or go on strike, undermine the war effort or speak facts to power, or you may find yourself stigmatized in the community, you may have trouble traveling, you may be out of a job in a scary recession with the added complication that your name is now Mud. Because once your picture has appeared on the cover of your local newspaper, or your speech has been picked up by Matt Drudge, decontextualized and beamed into the heartland; once your name has appeared on a government watch list, it doesn't really matter if you're telling the truth.

In the days following the terrorist attacks, the air was alive with fevered debate. Grasping to understand, many Americans asked questions they'd never asked before. What's going on out there? Why do they hate us so much? Could we possibly, partly, be somehow to blame? Then the president found his feet. He found his voice. And his version of the narrative was so loud and so often repeated that within three or four weeks it played virtually unopposed. The answer to "Why do they hate us?" became "They hate our freedom," became "They are irrational" became "They are evil." And that was that.

The cavils and questions that remained ran silently through the minds of the folks still trying to put the pieces together. When does necessary vigilance become harassment? And when does harassment become persecution? And when is the pretense of balance between national security and civil rights out the window? And at what point is the state just being extraordinarily opportunistic while and because it can?

We wished there were a single face, not an abstract system, at which to direct the question Joseph Welch asked of Joe McCarthy: "At long, last, sir, have you no sense of decency?"

Bruce Grierson

Surveillance Camera Players (SCP):
A New York-based street-theater troupe providing quality agitprop to security guards and passers-by since 1996. Also, any of five other known SCP groups. See <www.notbored.org>.

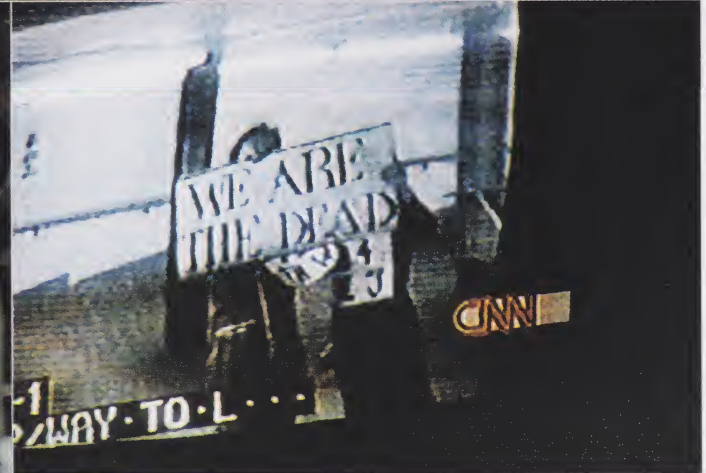
SCOWT:
Surveillance Camera Outdoor Walking Tour, SCP's free, 60-minute introduction to surveillance culture in NYC.

glossary//surveillance camera players



Bill Not Bored, a.k.a. Bill Brown, a.k.a. Art Toad:

Central SCP presence and author of such classic surveillance skits as *It's OK, Officer* and *You Are Being Watched For Your Own Safety*. Bill Not Bored quotation: "Surveillance cameras are intended to work by making people paranoid. The hope is that if you are paranoid you will make a rational decision not to commit a crime. But paranoid people are not rational."



The Circle:

An SCP performance that premiered December 20 in front of surveillance cameras operated by the New York Police Department and NBC-TV. Based on the "Creating Sacred Space" chapter in Starhawk's *The Spiral Dance*. Complete spoken script: "Blessed be, thou spirits of water, earth and art./ Spirits of evil, unfriendly beings, begone! Leave this place, leave this circle, so that free people may enter./ We banish you! We banish you! We banish you!"

Tyee Bridge

Panopticon:

(English, from the Greek, circa 1785) A design concept for a circular prison with a guard tower in the center, making all inmates observable to the unseen guards.



WHIRL-MART ACTIVISTS (BREATHINGPLANET.NET) WEAVE THROUGH WAL-MART ON THE FIRST SUNDAY OF EACH MONTH; EUROPE'S FANCLUB (RIGHT, <FANCLUBBERS.ORG>) IS A HUMAN PERPETUAL SHOPPING MACHINE, BUYING AND RETURNING PRODUCTS IN A CONSTANT CYCLE

Guilty, Guilty, Guilty

It's closing in on Valentine's Day – or Mother's Day, or Secretary's Day, or Hallowe'en, or Easter – and the jewelers, florists, chocolate shops and department stores are reminding you of your duties. The advertisers have thrown their shoulders to the task, and sales are rising. The child's timeless dream – Christmas every day! – has become the adult's constant burden.

You want to resist, but then you remember last December: a nephew's half-hidden disappointment at your home-made card, or the sudden panic when a friend handed you a present and you had nothing to give in return. You do what you have to do. You buy in.

What we see operating here is a culture's shadow currency, where purchases can be measured in units of obligation as well as dollars. Like angels over your shoulder, the advertisers whisper guidance. *Treat him right this season*, one says. *Show her how much you care*, advises another. Children pick up on the rhetoric and envy the material love enjoyed by their schoolmates. Grandparents discharge their duties at birthdays; young lovers trade the requisite tokens. The message is clear: hesitance at the cash register reveals a defect in your commitment to personal relationships.

With this kind of spending going on, how can you be expected not to indulge yourself? *Don't you deserve it?* the ads coo. *Haven't you given enough of yourself?* Now governments are in on the game, announcing that national recovery must be built on citizens' credit cards. Failure to shop reveals a lack of civic resolve, or even

ideological transgression. "*Are you now or have you ever been an advocate of voluntary simplicity?*"

The end result is that our finest qualities – our desire to show affection to family and friends, or to help our fellow citizens, or to contribute to our communities – are being harnessed to drive conspicuous consumption. We have created a guilt economy.

As the link between shopping and social duty becomes sacrosanct and ever-present, movements that require us to change our patterns of consumption, like environmentalism or anti-sweatshop activism, will appear to thrust us into an ethical bind. How can we fulfill our moral obligation to spend and at the same time worry about the resources consumed, the piles of non-biodegradable garbage that accumulate, or the dark-skinned woman with scarred hands who labors for 20 cents an hour?

Maybe the ethical answers will come clearer if, like the consumer frenzy of Christmas, the spirit of Buy Nothing Day reaches out across the weeks and months. BND is sometimes criticized as an attack on the economy or an attempt to shame the consumer. Inevitably, it is both. But more than either of these, it's an opportunity to step back from the shaming that is now used as both carrot and stick. Maybe you change your attitude towards Father's Day, Chinese New Year, Christmas and the rest of them. Maybe you find words and deeds are more appreciated than purchases. At the very least, you get a break from the guilt economy. Go on. You deserve it.

Chris Tenove

BUY NOTHING DAY

When you commit to the belief that you don't have to buy anything, things will be given to you. BND will provide! My boy and I took turns wearing the corporate flag as a cape and were exempt from cover charges at two local music venues that night. We've decided to celebrate BND every eight days, like a modern form of the Jewish Sabbath.

RANA CHANG
East Lansing, Michigan

You must be the dumbest people. I hope you're the first to lose your jobs. Please let me know when you retire to a cardboard box after your retirement savings become worthless thanks to the economic crash that you're attempting to create.

HAYES CROUSHORE

Have you considered creating a positive ad for Buy Nothing Day? The first image that comes to mind is from Henry David Thoreau. Modernized, it is something like: you can walk for five days to get somewhere, enjoying people, nature, the trip itself, or you can work for four days to buy the plane ticket and rush there in one day.

I don't think you will succeed in shaming consumers. Show them that a better way of life is possible and we all may have some hope.

SEAN MCMAHON

Our group organized a whole afternoon of BND events. Eighty people turned out (many of them high school students). We performed street theater on consumer culture and self-image; asked Chapters book store to find the book *When Corporations Rule the World*; demanded fairly traded coffee at Starbucks; and persuaded shoppers to hop through hopscotch boards on the sidewalk. We ended the night by rearranging the tables in the mall food court and ate a massive, free potluck dinner under the eyes of mall security, who let us eat in peace. What a wonderful way to restore community in the shopping mall.

CITIZENS OPPOSING SHOPPING
THEOLOGY (COST)
Victoria, British Columbia

A lot of my days are "buy nothing" days because I got laid off and haven't been able to find work in my field – graphic design – and I have 15 years of experience. Now I live with my brother and I'm scraping by, working two shitty-ass retail jobs that pay nine bucks an hour instead of the \$50 an hour I used to make. I'm 41, and definitely never thought I'd have to live with relatives and work retail again just to make ends meet. So as far as I'm concerned, I wish everybody would go back to spending more than they have – that way I can have a job again. High ideals are easy when you don't have to worry about the rent.

NAME WITHHELD
Portland, Oregon

For the first Buy Nothing Day in Taiwan, about 10 of us claimed a public walking area and set up a swap shop. If someone wanted something but didn't have anything to trade with, he or she could offer a service. We had people telling jokes, jumping up and down, playing music, telling fortunes and singing songs. It was good fun, and it was warmly received by passers-by. The topic of overconsumption seems to have hit home – three local newspapers wrote articles, with pictures. The Taiwanese are finally looking at themselves and their perverted consumer culture.

PETER MOREHEAD
Taipei, Taiwan

We here at Optative Theatrical Laboratories sent out four teams to exclusive stores. Each team included: Actor 1: playing the shopaholic, stocking up on all sorts of expensive goods; Actor 2: the servant, making a big production out of Actor 1's shopping spree – talking to clerks, announcing Actor 1's arrival, etc.; Actor 3: the BND supporter who convinces Actor 1 (at the cash register) that BND should be adhered to. After the spectacle of high-class shopping, Actor 1 has a catharsis and announces at the till that he or she is a changed person and doesn't want any of the stuff. This is called "invisible theater" (Augusto Boal). To learn more, visit <otl.zom.com>.

DONOVAN KING
Montreal, Quebec

Ours is a small town where we drive to the neighboring city to "go to the mall" as an activity. A group of us decided to provide an alternative by holding a holiday swap meet in the community center. Everything was free, and everyone had a good time. The local Bruderhof [a religious group] provided cider and cookies. Artists gave performances and we had crafts for kids, gift-recycling and a non-perishable food table with leftovers going to the new food pantry.

DIANNE BRIDGES
Rosendale, New York

For Buy Nothing Day, I put posters all around the biggest shopping areas in Tokyo. I was scared – I felt like someone was always staring at me. On my way, I found PlayStation 2 on sale for only 30,000 yen (regular price is 38,000 yen). Mmmm, PlayStation 2. Then inner conflict started. "I must get it!" "No way. Today is Buy Nothing Day." Then I had a good idea. "Why don't you buy tomorrow?" Ahh, the sweetness of pleasure deferred.

TAIZO KATO
Tokyo, Japan

Today, five friends and I disseminated over 500 pieces of BND literature throughout the Lehigh Valley Mall in good ol' Allentown, Pennsylvania. It was glorious. We divided letter-size sheets of paper into six pieces, with different information printed on the front and back. This allowed us to discreetly place them in between stacks of clothes (at Gap, A&F, etc.), tape them inside changing rooms, affix them to the back of CDs, and tuck them underneath the windshield wipers of cars.

Once the discreet subversion was complete, we whipped out about 100 pamphlets and approached mall-goers, suggesting they read more about BND. Everyone was receptive, for the most part. This is the first year we have done something like this. Now we plan to make BND 2002 even better.

PATRICK ST. JOHN
Allentown, Pennsylvania



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☐ Culture Jam - \$15 (Paperback version)

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Receive a 10-issue subscription, all available back issues, the 2002 calendar, a set of spoof-ad postcards, campaign posters, the VHS Video and the Culture Jam book - **all for \$100**

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ie morning. A headline



"Attention Kmart shoppers: hot coffee on sale in aisle three. Now, stay awake. Only 65 hours left to save! Kmart Corp., the US discount chain that often didn't appear to be paying much attention to retail trends during the 1990s as Wal-Mart Stores Inc. ate its lunch, is opening its stores for 66 straight hours beginning at 5 a.m. this morning in the all-important Thanksgiving shopping weekend."

I don't like to see Buy Nothing Day as "Us vs. Them," but already there are forces being deployed, the great glittering plastic aisles ready for business.

2 Somewhere in Beverly, Massachusetts, Gary Chamberlain prepares his rebuttal for the Kmart of the world. "In reply to 'Buy Nothing Day' I decided to go all out," he writes later, by email. "I put up my Mohawk, donned my red "communi\$m" t-shirt, and walked out to find my friends . . ."

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DIANNE BRIDGES
Rosendale, New York

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PATRICK ST. JOHN
Allentown, Pennsylvania



HAVE YOU BEEN A NAUGHTY
OVERCONSUMER? SWEDISH SANTAS ARE
KICKING BUTT AND TAKING NAMES

A Day in the Life of Buying Nothing

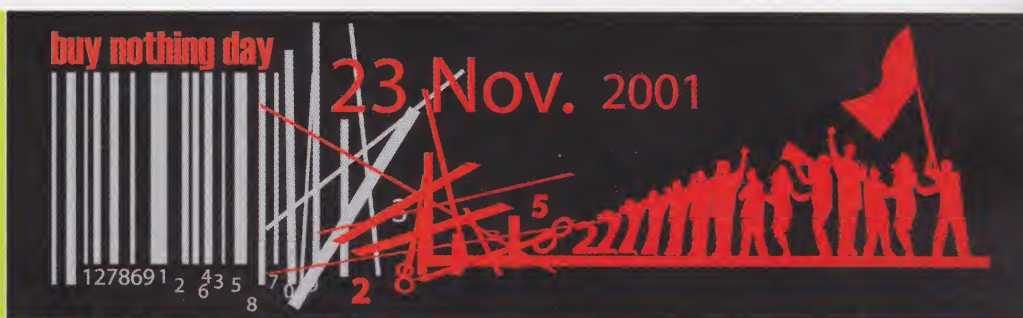
2 The *Financial Post* arrives first thing in the morning. A headline leads me in:

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RUNAWAY VISA, ISRAEL; TOPPLE THE BAR CODE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA; MAKE LOVE, NOT BANKS, NORWAY; DINNER-FREE DINNER, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA; BAG FULL OF NOTHING AND BND STREET-GREETER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



2 Morning sunlight comes through my window, which means daylight is fading in the Middle East. The celebrations in Jerusalem, which hosted its first BND, are winding down, and reports soon arrive detailing actions in Eilat, Beer Shiva, Rechovot, Tel Aviv, Kfar-Saba and Haifa.

One of the participants writes to tell me that even the word chosen to express the idea being protested – “consumerism” – is unfamiliar. “For many, this is their first exposure to the idea that there is a culture of buying in Israel, and that its effects could be undesirable.”

The only mainstream news from Israel today: five Palestinian boys were walking to school and one kicked an unexploded Israeli tank shell lying on the road. All five were killed.

2 A videocam posting flows in from Dublin: shots of a Conga Against Capitalism that hops and jostles down Grafton Street and into St. Stephen’s Green Shopping Centre, before the dancers are

turfed by mall security.

2 A public announcement hits the wire services: cloned animals can safely enter the food chain, according to researchers at Advanced Cell Technology. In a few days ACT will announce partial success in their attempts to clone human embryos.

2 A note comes in from NYC:

“I’m not much of a consumer, but I will make it a point to buy something on your buy-nothing day. You have no clue how we’ve suffered in New York.

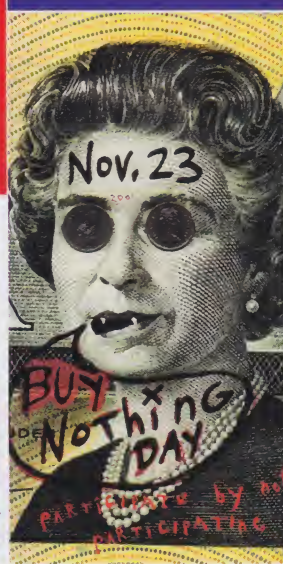
“happy holidays, carl rosen.”

Carl. He seems like a sweet guy, but what is this strange equation of shopping advisors and grief counselors?

2 A bulletin arrives: sheep have taken the streets of San Francisco, bleating, “buuy mooore stuuff” and “sweeetshop.” Lady Liberty shepherds and hands out Christmas Gift Exemption Vouchers. The herd was tailed by SFPD’s elite Shopping Enforcement Squad,



BANNER DAY AT THE MALL, THUNDER BAY, ONTARIO; FLOWER POWER, NORWAY; BND BONANZA, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA; BRAND-NAME BEEF, VERMONT; QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRE CONSUMERS, MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA; BND BILLBOARD, THUNDER BAY, ONTARIO



which preemptively blocked the herd's access to major retail establishments.

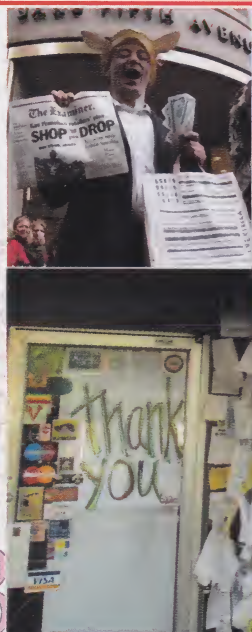
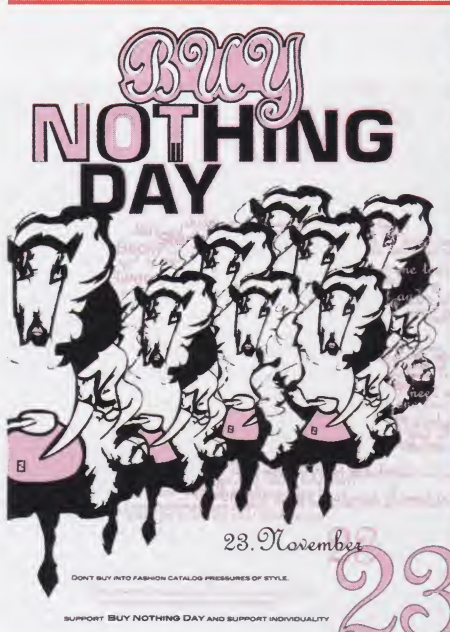
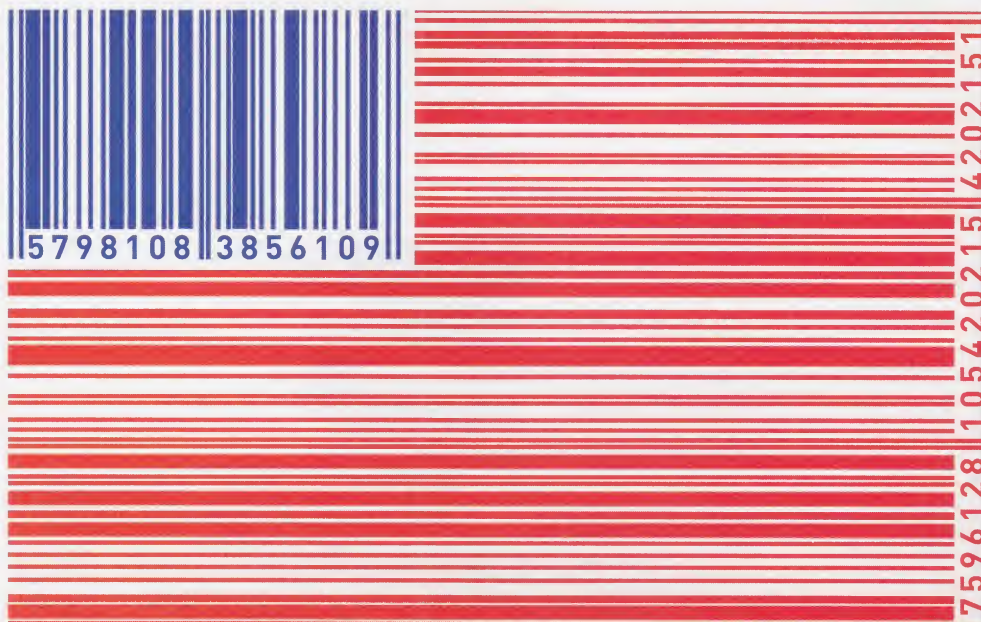
2 BND finally gets a romantic subplot, courtesy of one John Shepparton: "My girlfriend and I are climbing Mauna Loa, a 13,000-foot volcano on the Big Island of Hawaii. One of the best things about wilderness is there are no corporations shoving their products down your throat. There were no mobs of people, no cars, no gift wrapping, it was glorious!"

2 If there were an audible click each time a parent bought a ticket to *Harry Potter* today, it would sound like a Geiger counter in a uranium dump. "By the time you have read this, it will have made millions," cheers the *New York Times*. The blanket media coverage of the film is chilling: I flip on the news and a blank-eyed child explains why she has seen the movie four times already. The public broadcaster flogs it on radio and TV, and newspapers have entire *Potter* pull-out sections. Allusions to the book have started

to appear in private conversations, unreferenced. It's a public exercise in denial. Could a movie make \$150 million in a week if the economy were ailing? Could millions of us stand in line to watch a child wizard if there were terrorists on our land and bodies still to be excavated?

2 A Harvard biochemist renowned for his work with deadly viruses – they call him a Nobel Prize contender – is publicly declared missing. Don Wiley's car was found on a bridge in Boston, the tank full and keys in the ignition. Friends and police are baffled.

2 It's the hump of the afternoon, my usual time for daydreaming. Stuart Downs sends a dispatch from Cairns, Australia. Zombies are shuffling through town, dressed in black with large bar codes on their fronts. They wear leg chains (plastic), foam balls painted black, and shopping bags on their outstretched arms. A Corporate Santa, festooned with logos, wields a whip to keep them



BAR-CODE AMERICAN FLAG, TURKEY; 'PARTICIPATE BY NOT PARTICIPATING,' MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA; FOOD CO-OP CLOSED FOR THE ECO-HOLIDAY, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA; SHEEP PARADE, VERMONT; TOWN CRIER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



consuming. Above them, a banner: "Stop Shopping, Start Living, Buy Nothing!"

I dip into a stream of nouns from the pen of Andy Lindenblatt, writing from a secluded lake in the Coast Mountains: "Swans, ducks, loons, light snow, forest stream, squirrel chattering, clouds rolling in over the mountains, moss, a moose."

The USAntiheroes pass out free pizzas in Philadelphia. Home-baked muffins given away in front of a Tim Hortons in Peterborough, Ontario. A free potluck dinner held in a mall food court in Victoria.

"This was my first Buy Nothing Day (I had just missed last year's) and I am proud to say that it was very productive. I sent out about 500 e-mails, stuffed 125 mailboxes with flyers, put up a couple posters and mailed nine flyers to local newspapers and TV stations. I also did not buy anything that day, and kept my use of resources to a minimum (didn't turn on any lights, didn't drive,

etc.) I hope everyone else had a fun time, I know I did! Can't wait for my next culture jam!"

"Shawn, Lewiston, NY"

There's something about the measures of productivity that makes me nervous.

The reports stack up. In the "Future Techniques" pile I toss the description of the Fanclubbers who purchase and later return merchandise, forcing security guards to trail buyers (the "guilty" and the "innocent") out of the store. On the "Future Thoughts" stack there's a letter from Dave in Hobart, Indiana, which describes his debate with mall security over the definition of the term "solicitation." The scene is rich in irony. But isn't irony dead?

A last BND anecdote. I'm on my way home when I overhear a conversation between a coffee-slinger and his customer:

"Sorry, we don't have any decaf black tea."



ZENTA CLAUS ADDS A LITTLE WASABI TO HOLIDAY SHOPPING, KYOTO, JAPAN

A Report From Japan

Consumerism. To the post-World War II Japanese, it is the only religion ever given by the United States of America – the winner. Eventually, the Japanese power to consume reached way beyond the US inspiration. An ugly and meaningless public culture was born and raised.

Then came the end of the millennium. The so-called “bubble economy” collapsed, Japan fell from its “No. 1” position with unprecedented speed, and the nation became an outcast of the economically advanced countries. The collapse resulted in dysfunction throughout the social system, from education to families. Out of the misery and chaos, people are finally beginning to question the new religion. They have begun to wonder if consumerism is the source of a structural unhappiness.

Less than a decade ago, saying “buy nothing” to the Japanese was equivalent to saying “stop living.” Now the statement is a question. “To be, or not to be?”

—Masaaki Ikeda

(Translated by Hiroki Hosada Yanagisawa)

“That’s OK. I brought my own bag. Could I have some hot water?”

“We’ll have to charge you it. And for the cream and sugar, if you use any. Sorry to be a dick, but people abuse the system. One guys comes in and gets a cup of hot water and doesn’t buy a tea bag, he just adds cream and honey. I’m like, man, you just can’t do that.”

Why not? Because the shop will go out of business? Because it costs five cents?

Because you can never give something for nothing?

Chris Tenove





THE JAPANESE BND TEAM, WORKING WITH BRITISH DESIGNER JONATHAN BARNBROOK, WERE SURE THE TV NETWORKS WOULD REJECT THEIR 'BUY NOTHING' ANTI-AD – BUT THEY WEREN'T ABOUT TO GIVE UP. ON NOVEMBER 23, THE 15-SECOND SPOT AIRED ON JUMBOTRON SCREENS IN THE HEART OF THE IKEBUKURO AND HARAJYUKU SHOPPING DISTRICTS. MVP GOES TO MR. NOZAWA FOR MAKING IT HAPPEN.



Special 11th Anniversary Offer

ONLY 300 SHOPPING DAYS UNTIL BUY NOTHING DAY 2002

"United We Spend?"

United Let's Don't.

If enough jammers turn their disaffection into resistance for just one day, November 29 could mark the delivery of a landmark social message. More than a million people will celebrate 11 years of opposition on the unofficial "opening day" of the Christmas frenzy. Play this one right and we will make Buy Nothing Day 2002 a global event on par with Earth Day. Previous participants have come up with the traditions: swap meets, teach-ins, concerts, street theatre, credit-card cut-ups, postering, potlucks. But hey, it's a culture jam – no one's drawing up any rules.

Here's what to expect from *Adbusters*: more and better info, campaign materials and TV and radio spots that press the point. We'll be doing a little outreach as well. Last year's alignment with the peace movement gave the day a wider resonance, and the bigger the BND tent, the better. This year, we'll be asking religious groups to add their voice (see below), and we'll make a pitch to environmental groups worldwide.

Late last year, a small survey taken by Vancouver environmental studies student Graham Erion found that most eco-groups in

British Columbia – *Adbusters*' own backyard – weren't supporting Buy Nothing Day. Many considered themselves too busy, but some, like Greenpeace Canada, acknowledged that they "don't like to talk about consumption."

Given the direct link between overconsumption and problems ranging from deforestation to global warming (remember, the first "R" is "Reduce"), we'll be asking eco-groups to summon a little royal jelly and "participate by not participating." With vocal support from the greens, BND really could become an eco-holiday *sans frontières*.

We can already expect a boost from the spiritual side. This year, Christians were a visible Buy Nothing force for the first time, and other faith groups are sure to follow. Sites like <buynothingchristmas.com> and books like Bill McKibben's ecumenical *Hundred Dollar Holiday* argue that we need space for values outside the commercial imperative. (The Pope's argument that markets can't answer all needs doesn't hurt, either.) In 2002, watch for a deeper, interfaith challenge – the first stirrings of a prophetic "no."

Staff



PHOTO: KEVIN CRONIN

Last April 1, jammers worldwide tossed bundles of money into crowded malls shouting "Live more! Buy less!" This year, the Fools' Festival takes it to the temples of capitalism: the stock exchanges. The sky is falling! Info? Email <pauld@adbusters.org>.

tv turnoff week
April 21-27





IN AUGUST, THE DESIGN GROUP RELEASE1 (WWW.RELEASE1.ORG) OPENED 'DISTURB DELIGHT DESIGN' AT THE REVOLVING MUSEUM IN BOSTON. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF 'DARKSWITCH,' ALL OF THE FOLLOWING DESIGNS APPEARED IN THE EXHIBIT

“Design is traditionally driven by aesthetic, functional, production and market factors,” says Stefane Barbeau of Release1, a Boston design group. “What if suddenly these parameters were grossly distorted, or even removed entirely?”

The result is *psycho design* – stuff to make you think.

For daydreaming deskers in the consumption trade, psycho design is a temporary relief from the heartbreak of commercialism. The rules are simple. Take one everyday object – a desk, a fry pan, a footbridge. Add humor, politics, pranks, surprise, confusion, horror. Stir.

TRANSEAT

Frederika Hamann

Forget tradition and let the Transeat break your unconscious patterns and introduce your better half to new possibilities. Like a skateboard or bicycle, use of the seat eventually becomes automatic, but not without preliminary experimentation – and risk.





DARKSWITCH

Jarrold Beglinger

What's with this switch-on-a-hinge that's easy to turn off, but hard to turn on? A light bulb goes on in your head: DarkSwitch is bringing consciousness to kilowatt consumption. One of six available designs.

CUBICLASS

Eric M. Johnson

School and the workplace are the heart and soul of our collective dedication to productivity and group identity. Cubiclass brings the two together in a natural fit – the best of both worlds.





VEGANBONES

Stefane Barbeau, Ryan McManus

VeganBones are ceramic substitutes for vegetarians who hunger for bone-based cuisine. Stuffed with *faux* meat or pressed into tofu, they rekindle fond memories of BBQ ribs, rack of lamb, hot chicken wings or drumsticks. Smother 'em with sauce.

BACO-BLITZ

Beth Mosher

The market has spoken, and design has answered. Baco-Blitz, the disposable bacon fryer, offers instant gratification for the solo diner. No need to clean up – just throw it away.





TREE BRIDGE

Daniel Cuffaro

At a glance, the trees built into this footbridge are a beautiful way to shelter passers-by from rain, sun and the hard realities of urban life. But wait. The trees also support the bridge, and their growing weight and root systems will eventually destroy it. Score one for the Earth Mama.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR SUIT

Ryan McManus

Men and women around the world are drafted into military service in violation of their religious or ethical beliefs. The Conscientious Objector Suit allows these people to get involved in war without having to kill. Conscientious objectors can be drafted, issued the suit (but not weapons), and sent to the front lines with the rest of the army. The bright orange jumpsuit and large "CO" logo let both sides know that the wearer is not taking part in the fighting.



January 2, 2002

The Brand Baron

Philadelphia, PA - David W. Gensler is an Omni-disciplined designer / brand strategist based in Philadelphia. His ability to effortlessly generate solutions for any form of media by utilizing all forms of design has allowed him to quickly move to the top of his game.

Mr. Gensler's philosophy of Omni-disciplined design has spawned a new generation of designers. Omni-disciplined design is based around the belief that any design solution executed by a company strongly effects the total brand. Thus, all forms of design must be considered when designing even the smallest solution. This method of spherical design reaches consumers on a more whole level, allowing the brand to play a stronger, more significant role in the consumer's lives.

Droves of clients are flocking to this new method. Human, the design boutique that Gensler founded two years ago, has quickly become one of the most powerful forces in the Philadelphia region.

During the nation's current recession, Human has done more than weather the storm. It has experienced a 400% growth while practically all of its competitors, have withered on the vine. Gensler contributes this success to Human's unequalled ability of providing clients with an unparalleled depth of services.

"This is not design for design's sake. This is design for profit's sake. Our only goal is to grow and enhance our client's brands."

Gensler is proud of his approach to design. He is a capitalist first, and a designer second. He has an absolute understanding of the consumer he's designing for. He never builds monuments to his own ego.

From architecture to advertising, graphic design to interactive development, commercial directing to photography, and product design to advanced brand strategies, Mr. Gensler's capability of driving a brand's success is the key that sets him apart from other designers, even great ones. "Starck, Newson and Rashid are all limited in the work they produce. However, I am increasingly impressed with the ability of Starck and Newson to instantaneously change hats. Their new work shows great insight into their ability to understand the consumer. Rashid, on the other hand, specializes in one thing - self-promotion."

Looking towards the future, Gensler believes that it will be the designer's responsibility to connect the dots. "Brands are no longer built through media dollars alone. It's the total experience that counts."

Mr. Gensler's recently completed projects include those for Cingular, Wackenhut, and Campbell's Soup. A newly established joint venture with New York City's entertainment giant, The Britto Agency, will allow David Gensler and Human to inject these same design solutions into the unexplored entertainment field.

Gensler's the real deal!



Business owners have been calling, writing, emailing, showing up at our doorstep at all hours of day. Their question? How can we take a stand against rampant consumerism? No Ad Day is the answer. Proposed by designer James Greig of Glasgow, Scotland, the festival of emptiness is your chance to sweep out commercial clutter. Black it out. White it out. Wipe it out. Cut it out.

**THE FIRST ANNUAL NO AD DAY, MARCH 31, 2002.
DO YOUR SPRING CLEANING.**

When History Looks Back

WHAT WILL BE THE AD INDUSTRY'S GREAT WORK?

[IT IS MID-OCTOBER, 2001, SIX WEEKS AFTER EVERYTHING Changed Forever. Three hundred European media and marketing pros have gathered in the new Diocesan Museum in Milan. Scheduled to speak: Jelly Helm, associate professor at Virginia Commonwealth University Adcenter and the University of Oregon. A former creative director at Wieden + Kennedy and the Martin Agency, Helm has helped buff the brands of Nike, Coke, Microsoft and Timberland. Anxious about terrorism (these things look different when you have an infant son), Helm decides to stay at home in America. But he also sends these remarks, which are read aloud:]

"I stayed up late trying to put together my thoughts about your topic, 'Advertising and Culture.' I'm afraid that I have little to offer that seems helpful. We are in the midst of such grave and grim times, and I feel too bewildered and meek at the moment to pretend to offer any wisdom or clarity.

Here's what I believe about American culture: that when history looks back at us, my culture will be remembered as the greatest wealth-producer ever. It will be a culture remembered for its promise and might and its tremendous achievements in technology and health. It also will be remembered as a culture of hedonism to rival any culture that has ever existed, a culture of materialism and workaholicism and individualism, a culture of superficiality and disposability, of poverty and pollution and vanity and violence, a culture denuded of its spiritual wisdom.

In short, culture in America is sick, very sick, and, intentionally or not, advertising has added to its sickness. I know that as Americans, we work too hard so that we can buy things we don't need, made by factory workers who are paid too little, and produced in ways that threaten the very survival of the Earth as we know it. I know that the arrogant and relentless export of this American lifestyle, our cultural imperialism, seems to have alienated and angered and impoverished and secularized enough people that they now have built critical mass and have said, 'Enough.'

Our industry, like every business – from plumbing to filmmaking to medicine to academia – has a moral obligation to

address these issues. How could it be otherwise? In shrinking from this duty and denying that the problem exists, we're causing the brightest and most creative people to drift away from our industry, stomachs sick as if they've eaten too much junk food.

Last year my wife and I visited Italy. Her family is from your country; she lived there for a while and we still have many friends there. They greeted us with open arms and hugs and laughter and tables full of wonderful food. For two weeks we laughed and ate and cried and told stories and related on the joyful level where family and friends take precedent above all else. I know that this deeply human way of living, it seems to be easily swept away in the march of globalization and consumerism, and it makes me sad.

I stay associated with advertising because I am convinced that it doesn't have to be this way. I believe that along with the clients we represent, we can operate in a more human way. I believe that we can define wealth not as profit alone. I believe that we can help our clients understand that to be sustainable is to be healthy. I believe that our creativity and love of solving problems will push us to find an elegant solution to this massive problem: how to exist on the planet in a mutually beneficial, healthy, sustainable, equitable way.

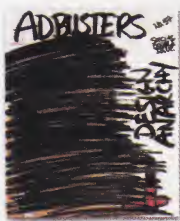
I believe that we must, like many industries, make the search for this solution our central concern, our focus, as theologian and environmentalist Thomas Berry called it, our 'Great Work.'

If I were there today, I would look out to the people in the audience and ask, 'How many of you agree with some of the things I have said? How many of you agree that the problem is deep, and that we must address it with intelligence and diligence and a sense of mission?' I would then ask those people to raise their hands. Will you raise them right now?

The people with their hands up could well be the leaders of a new way of thinking about advertising and culture. Talk to each other. It is through your dialogue that new ideas will emerge.

Good luck."

[Two minutes sustained applause.]



DESIGN ANARCHY

"Design Anarchy" expressed what I wasn't able to during two semesters at a technical college as

a graphic arts major. I hated everything it stood for. The entire business is cheap and hollow. I was creating art with no soul. I have changed my major to something that has meaning – wildlife management and conservation – and I am now just an artist.

MICHAEL WILLIAM COOK
McGregor, Texas

As a graphic designer, educator and design journalist, I have to say, *Ouch*. Your "Design Anarchy" issue really hit where it hurts. But did you really need a double-issue to get your point across? Four short essays sandwiched between dozens of pages of sophomoric visual pastiche, two-page spreads with photos of chairs and napkin sketches, textual clutter in process yellow and magenta. I don't get it.

One of the contributions that design can still make in our terminally ill, overstimulated culture, is the melding

of content with concept with a profound eloquence. A successful design project can make others sit up and listen to your message. In your case, the concept never really played itself out. The result is an overly long rant, and an unfortunate consumption of precious paper.

PHILIP KRAYNA
Berkeley, California

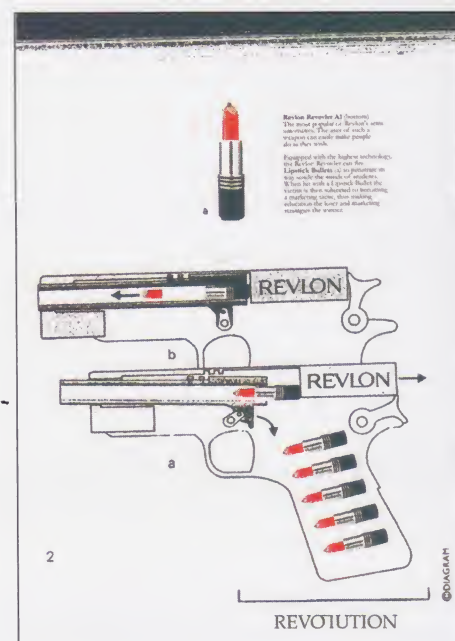
I am a graphic artist and student at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology. Recently Revlon came into our school asking us to participate in a contest to design a logo. Forty people were to participate, with a "grand" prize of \$1,500 – that is, if Revlon wanted to use our logo design. If they didn't, they'd give us first, second and third place prizes for our time. Revlon also wanted us to do packaging concepts.

Many students felt ripped off and felt forced to do this project. Our teacher said students didn't have to participate. So another student and I decided to opt out and design anti-Revlon posters instead. Revlon didn't need to be in our school. They should be doing their work at an ad agency.

Our teacher ended up changing his mind and made everyone participate. I still didn't participate and I'm looking at an F for the project. A little price to pay for my belief.

JOE KNIGHT
New York, New York

Chugging along as a third-year design student, I was taking a break, flipping through the pages of your "Design Anarchy" issue [*Adbusters*#37], when I came to an epiphany. Graphic design is an empty profession. All this busy-work, no matter how much I try to agitate and initiate dialogue about socially conscious design, just isn't worth it. I am now creating my



own major with which I can give my swollen fingers a break and finally stretch my critical thinking muscles. Thanks for the inspiration.

HILLARY TINAPPLE
Columbus, Ohio

I'm completely confused as to how I feel about the *First Things First* design manifesto (adbusters.org/campaigns/first). On one hand, who could argue that modern society is a sick body, ravaged by a corporate materialism that lays waste to any form of ethics. But who really can afford to reject work that gives financial freedom and security? Other than those whose only goal is to live in relative poverty in the name of making a statement, nobody wants to live like prisoners of a third-world economy.

PAT ARNOLD
Attleboro, Massachusetts

Why do you attack the designers and creatives? Do you think the real bad shit is conceived by the man pulling the trigger? Bollocks! Who is loading the gun? Don't shit on us man, we have kids! We don't choose the target, we're just the people who execute the message to make the targeted people sit up and take notice. Our job is not to show people the meaning of life.

NAME WITHHELD





I propose a new uncommercial: purchase 30- or 60-second pieces of air time and simply broadcast a black screen. No sound, no text, no images. During the last five seconds, place the *Adbusters* website address on the screen. By doing this, networks cannot argue that the content of the uncommercial is detrimental to their interests. A buzz would surely follow if these commercials were broadcast over a period of weeks and months.

GREGORY E. KELLERMAN
Harrisonburg, Virginia

In the mall there is a store called Hot Topic that sells punk rock, metal and rave clothes. They also sell anarchy t-shirts. They're a corporate entity looking to co-opt underground music and sell to today's disaffected youth. I saw someone at school wearing an anarchy shirt. When I asked him if he was an anarchist, he said

anarchy was "stupid" and that he just liked the shirt. The traditional anarchy symbol is meaningless; it's become another corporate symbol. Perhaps you could have a contest to design a new anarchy symbol.

CHRISTOPHER WILLIAM HERMAN
Meridian, Idaho

Feeling a growing distaste for the high-tech perfectionism that has come to dominate the designing process and the lack of ethical, social and political concerns represented in today's graphic design, we have decided to take a stand.

Socialist Designers is a collective of politically conscious graphic designers who have agreed to follow "an indisputable set of rules":

- 1) Design must be done on location. "Props and sets" (i. e., stock photographs and illustrations) must not be brought in.
- 2) Design must be in spot colors. Four-

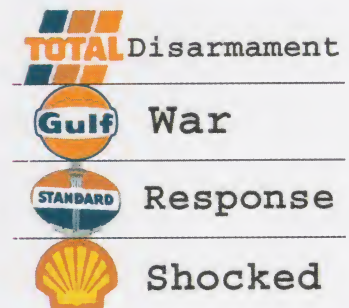
color process and varnish are not acceptable. 3) Photoshop filters and any other filters are forbidden. 4) Design must not contain superficial elements. 5) Temporary and geographical alienation are forbidden (that is, that design takes place here and now). 6) "Genre" design is not acceptable.

Faced with the triumph of present-day savage capitalism and the so-called death of ideologies, we remain profoundly convinced that true socialism, based on the autonomy of decision-making, that is, a de-centralized and self-managing socialism, is and will remain the only way to build a really human society.

SOCIALIST DESIGNERS
FABRIZIO GILARDINO

"Between The Wars" [*Adbusters*#38] mentions *Adbusters* receiving a "black dot" and not knowing what it meant. Perhaps it's a reference to Shirley Jackson's short story, "The Lottery," in which citizens partake in lottery celebration. The person who draws the lottery ticket with a black spot is then stoned to death. They are sacrificed to ensure that the next crop season is successful. Perhaps someone is suggesting that you (and your activist readers) are sacrificing themselves for the greater good. Or perhaps they are suggesting that you are sacrificing yourselves needlessly.

STEWART SMITH
<*TweedMag.com*>
Fairfield, Connecticut



ALAN BRUTON
New York, New York

The big black dot on the free-floating card in *Adbusters*#38 is exactly the same size as the black circle representing the



new moon on page one of *Still Life With Woodpecker*, by Tom Robbins. Quote:

"We outlaws live beyond the law. We don't merely live beyond the letter of the law – many businessmen, most politicians, and all cops do that – we live beyond the spirit of the law. In a sense then, we live beyond society. Have we a common goal, that goal is to turn the tables on the nature of society. When we succeed, we raise the exhilaration content of the universe. We even raise it a little bit when we fail.

"The difference between a criminal and an outlaw is that while criminals frequently are victims, outlaws never are. Indeed, the first step toward becoming an outlaw is the refusal to be victimized."

Adbusters has now established itself as one of the most liberating publications of the new century.

JOHN PRITCHARD
Aptos, California

We at Nothing Inc. are located in Jackson Hole, Teton County, Wyoming. Our county happens to have the highest per capita income in the US – we have 14,500 residents with an average income of \$126,500 per year. The county isn't overrun with corporate logos as of yet, but it's happening as we speak. City officials have announced plans to allow a Smith's "superstore." Our local cafes have been run out by the first Starbucks. These are the first signs of things to come.

We have started a campaign based on the "black doodle" concept. We have already placed black dots on every corporate logo we could find, from vending machines to storefront advertisements. We have covered the emblems of our personal automobiles. We will be taking out ads in our local newspaper, with the hope that it will direct people to our planned web site. We have ordered black-dot T-shirts and are working on recruiting people to help with the cause. Since we are not a part of the \$126,500 income bracket, we are seeking ideas for future campaigns. Any input from culture jammers would be most valuable to our cause.

JAMIE C. BAILEY
JOSHUA C. SIMMS
FOUNDERS, NOTHING INC.
P.O. Box 6926
Jackson Hole, Wyoming
83002

the new vision manifesto

there isn't an element of surprise anymore, anywhere.

our function in society is dead, i am sure of it. still, our only preoccupation is in creating and we've given up what once mattered:

music, the pursuit of relationships, the matters of politics and philosophy, the world . . .

the earth will turn and the oceans shall continue thrusting their waves onto the dirty shores of America – but we are free – and we are artists with a new vision.

to America, we say,

print our words!

give us your radios! your newspapers and televisions!

open the school doors to everyone: rich or poor! free education!

living wages and control of the neighborhoods and libraries!

remove the corporations from our constitution – they are *not* people!

remove money from politics!

get off our backs!

artaud in france!

guevara in havana!

debord, dylan and pound!

students in coffee houses,

students with rocks in hands,

students in seattle and quebec and genoa!

with mouths! with pens! with celebrated men and women locked arm in arm!

students of the world, unite!

artists, poets, and dancers!

the military may be bright with its guns,

but we are brave with our pens!

no censorship, anywhere, for anything!

no slaves in offices!

release our young!

sing!

make love!

vote!

scream when yr voice isn't being heard!

write when yr body is tired!

believe in the genius that exists in us all!

wake up, sleepy heads!

yr dream is over –

our day has only just begun . . .

MAGNUS FRANGIPANI, M. S. VERMILLION,
PAUL SCHMELLING, CHRISTINA DENDY
Boston, Massachusetts



DARWIN ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE



BY M.A.C. FARRANT

THE FIRE AT THE DROP-IN YOGA CENTRE WAS quickly brought under control. There were a few moments of fire-fighting heroics, then it was over. Then it was back to normal, back to the soup, back to the personal cop show. Your good guys, your bad guys. Your bang bang bang.

[Fig. 1]

This is a picture of the smoke rising above the torched Centre. Afterwards, questions were raised, yoga instructors were filmed for the *Late Breaking News*. But the real value of the fire occurred during its burning. Because something specific had happened, a counterpoint, a clarifying bas-relief. Like what happens when a plane crashes or a murder is committed. The event jumps out *specifically* from the background chaos, the focus enlarges, and the wider world is seen. Illuminated.

My name is Darwin, like the man who invented the monkey. I hit the planet in '59. I was named Darwin because 1959 was the centenary of the publication of *The Origin Of Species*. My father, now dead, was a postal clerk whose hobby was botany. He was also a vegetarian and an atheist, the only one in the neighborhood, or as I came to understand from the school taunting I received, the only one in the world. I spent my childhood being singled out for weirdness. Like my father I'm a loner. I regard this fact as an extreme form of random good luck.

My last trip to the hospital was in '91. I thought something was controlling me. I was right. It was my own mind. Being crazy is being the victim of mind-fuck situations all the time. In the hospital I was pinned down and questioned by behaviorist nerds. I fought back. I told them I'd look after my own mental health. Then I discovered Freud and psychoanalyzed myself. This is what I learned: maintaining clarity in the waking state is the most difficult thing of all. Maintaining illumination, next to impossible. But I followed Freud's example and, giving myself repeated raps to the mindset in much

the same way a jackhammer pulverizes cement, I was able to successfully eliminate a large portion of my unconscious mind. Now I never dream. And my emotions have become mere passing phenomena.

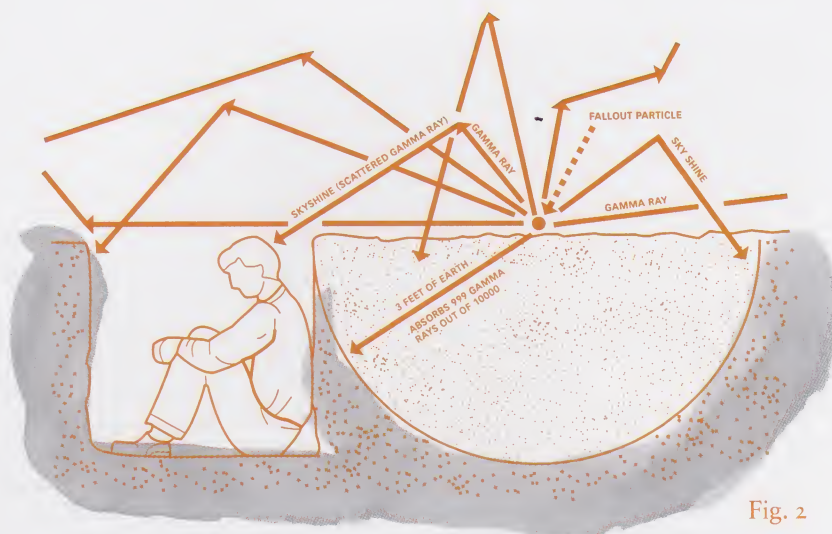


Fig. 2

These things I have done in order to avoid the pharmaceutical control of the mental health militia. For some of us, these *are* the dark ages. Oh, but I'm not dangerous.

Do you sense the agitation? It's everywhere, but especially in the cities. The inhabitants there are restless, overstimulated, desperate to maintain a transient vital energy. They shop, eat, drink, watch videos, ravenously. Everyone's wild-eyed, nervous, cat-walking through crowds and traffic like haunted runway models. Pacing the streets, nerve endings vibrating. Money in their pockets, fulfillment eluding. Everyone's hungry. Most hungry are the images that hold us in thrall – the images that sell us things, that entertain us. Who would have guessed that this is what artificial intelligence has become: visual images with lives of their own feeding on *our* hunger? The whole world has become a madness machine. Your so-called "advanced civilization." I know. I'm just another angst-ridden postmodern casualty. Easily dismissed. Bang. Bang.

[Fig. 2]

This is a picture of me in my trench. In my mother's back yard in the city. When I built it she was happy.

"It's just like when you were a boy with your Erector set in the basement," she said. She was wrong. When I was a boy I was filled with a wild and ultimately stupid hope, creating the elaborate and beautiful metal forms of a skeleton city. Now I dig holes. When you abandon hope you also



Fig. 3

abandon hopelessness. But I've discovered that an open trench provides poor protection. The slings and arrows of skyshine and gamma rays; the pounding music from the giant ad screens mounted on city buildings; the jarring wail of ambulance and police sirens sounding like a city screaming in pain. These things penetrate the fragile brain.

Speaking of brains, did you know that somehow the water of the physical brain is turned into the wine of consciousness? But that scientists draw a blank on the nature of this conversion? The concept is simple. It's like watching a white trail in the sky (brain) tracking the movement of a supersonic jet (consciousness). Even with the penetrating rays and noises, I'm relaxed in my trench. Relief washing over me as I watch the white trail disappear.

Once I sat on the curbs of busy streets writing poems about anguish, love and terror. Some people still do that. Huddle inside their lives dragging pens across their pain. The world is filled with inexplicable things. And love is in hiding. Perhaps this has always been so and it's just that now we

have too much black information, our perception has become damaged. Narrowed. Warped. Listen to the headlines; they say it all: "*There is a great panic amongst the people and they have spilled out into the streets... Corpses are piled on verandas. Bruised and bleeding bodies are laid in rows along the streets....*" The information is all like this. But information is not understanding. Darwin provided a glossary at the end of *The Origin of Species*. The word *degradation* is listed: "*the wearing down of land by the action of the sea or of meteoric agencies.*" Change a couple of words and you've got Darwin Two's definition of the times: *Degradation: the wearing down of the human species by the action of negative information.* Or read the OED: *Degradation: to become degenerate; a morbid change in structure.* Mother barricades herself inside her home. Most people do. Her trust in a beneficent world has become *degraded*. "You want my opinion?" Mother whispers through the bolted door. "Everything hurts! Inside. Outside. Everything is shattering like glass." Citizens tearing their hair, uncomprehending. The cities are terrible places to live.

This is a sentence I like: There is newer and stronger evidence that the solitary individual who has disconnected himself from postmodern life may actually represent the last vestige of independent, human thought. A glimmer, a *modus operandi*, a casual illumination, perhaps. Perhaps, even, the species *value* of postmodern dislocation. A thing not easily dismissed. Newer and stronger. Isn't that what the original Darwin was all about? Still, I vacillate. Who knows anything for sure? Who even understands?

[Fig. 3]

This is a picture of my unconscious mind. It's black, as in empty. It's like a night scene in a city



Fig. 4

without lights. Something is there but you can't see it. It's like willed, internal blindness. The interior barely existing. This is a view that spiritual people the world over aspire to. In the picture I've left three stars shining. These represent points of connection. They allow for the occasional moment of spontaneity. I had one of those a few years ago. I jumped off a cliff into the ocean. It was great. Ha. Ha. That was a joke. Something I'm still capable of.

Here's another joke. During a lifetime, a couple of things might happen to make you laugh. But usually you're stuck on your back at the bottom of some trench, the world sitting on your face like some obnoxious fat man using your head for a pillow. Did I say, "joke"?

Jump shot to right about now. I thought I'd build a better shelter. I found an old book about nuclear war. Now there's nostalgia. The comfort of a single external threat. None of this vague, confusing shit. But a clear, constant menace, something you could get your teeth into. So this book. From the survivalist movement of the early eighties. The cover: large black letters on a gun metal grey background. Inside: a revelation of practical instructions. How to ventilate and cool a below-ground shelter. Emergency sanitation. Surviving without doctors. Improvised clothing. Air pumps. Water and Food: *In the histories of great famines, some people do rob and kill for food, and a very few become cannibals. But the big majority continues to maintain civilized values while they starve.* Self-Defense: *There is no need to tell people that they will need their guns...* The book had everything, even personal stories. A family of six from Utah traveled 64 miles by car to a remote countryside location and built a door-covered trench shelter in only 34 hours. A pair of college girls made a hose ventilated toilet out of a 5-gallon paint can. Three rural families in Tennessee built an expedient blast shelter in 48 hours complete with bunks and bed sheet hammocks. A man traveled fifteen miles on



Fig. 5

foot carrying 80 pounds of water in two burlap bags, each lined with two plastic trash bags. I decided on a Small-Pole Shelter.

Tools required to build a Small-Pole Shelter:

- Ax, long handle
- Bow-saw, 28 in.
- Pick [Fig.4]
- Shovel, long handle
- Claw hammer
- File, 10 in.
- Steel tape, 10 ft.

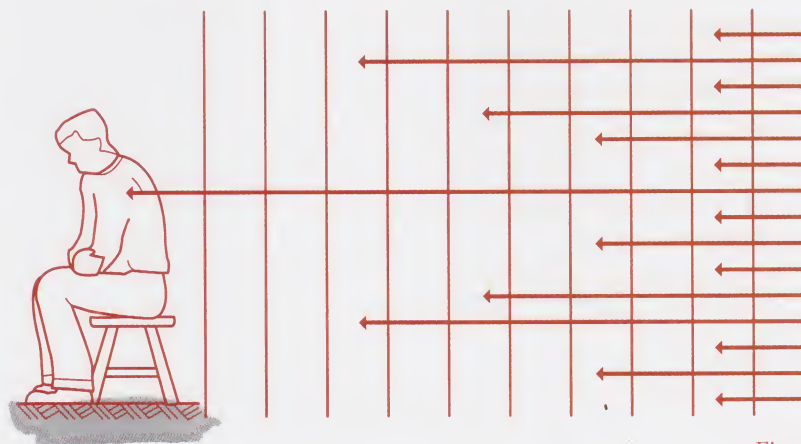
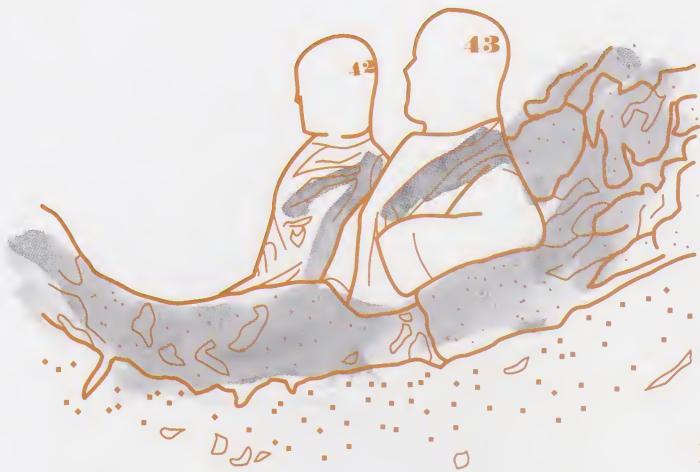


Fig. 6



The beauty of a plan: the particular in sharp focus. This may be the secret of a smooth existence, the pathway to a temporarily untroubled life. A Small-Pole Shelter provides excellent protection against fallout radiation, blast, and fires. Twelve people can live in this shelter without serious hardship. For Darwin Two it's a palace.

[Fig. 5]

This is a picture of me building the Small-Pole Shelter. A picture I've entitled, "A lonely, intelligent mutation scrambling with the brutes for existence." À la Darwin One. Who also worried about being seen as a monomaniac or a crank. Darwin alone in the universe.

Here are some questions. 1. What if evolution has for some reason speeded up like a generalized cancer and that a rapid species change is occurring? That what once took millions of years to transmute and evolve is now taking one or two generations? That we are now fundamentally different animals from what our grandparents were? 2. What if all the lone, discontented, dismissed and hated voices living on the edge of our species existence are really an aberration, a mutation? 3. What if independent, objective thought is the cause of this mutation? Has, in fact, *become* the mutation? 4. What if the song we mutants should be singing starts like this: "Hey Mama, I'm extinction bound..."

[Fig. 6]

Another picture, this one of me resting. The Small-Pole Shelter half complete.

Fig. 7

Then came Dorothy like a random variation hauling her busted rainbow. Wandering the universe, homeless, deviating, stunned. Stopping by my half-built shelter. I told her to take off, get lost. But she was already lost. She stayed and after a few days made a nest for herself against my mother's fence. A green plastic tarp crudely fashioned into a lean-to, a ratty sleeping bag. Dorothy. Named for the 1939 film, carrying the burden of Oz: an

alien world of delight and menace, magic and loyal friends. Now that's a definition of *extinction*.

Dorothy who seldom speaks. A kid, in her early twenties. Spending her days clearing bits of wood from the shelter site, hauling dirt, tidying up. Seeping slowly into my life. During this time I still slept and ate in my mother's house. I started leaving her food like the stray animal she was. Weeks went by. I became accustomed to her quiet presence. She'd watch me work on the shelter, helping when she saw the need. When the shelter was complete, I invited her inside. She moved her things to a far corner, away from my bunk. We are not lovers; we seldom speak, we never touch. But Dorothy has become my apprentice. "Variation Under Domestication." This is the title of Chapter 1 of *The Origin*. Dorothy. An allied species.

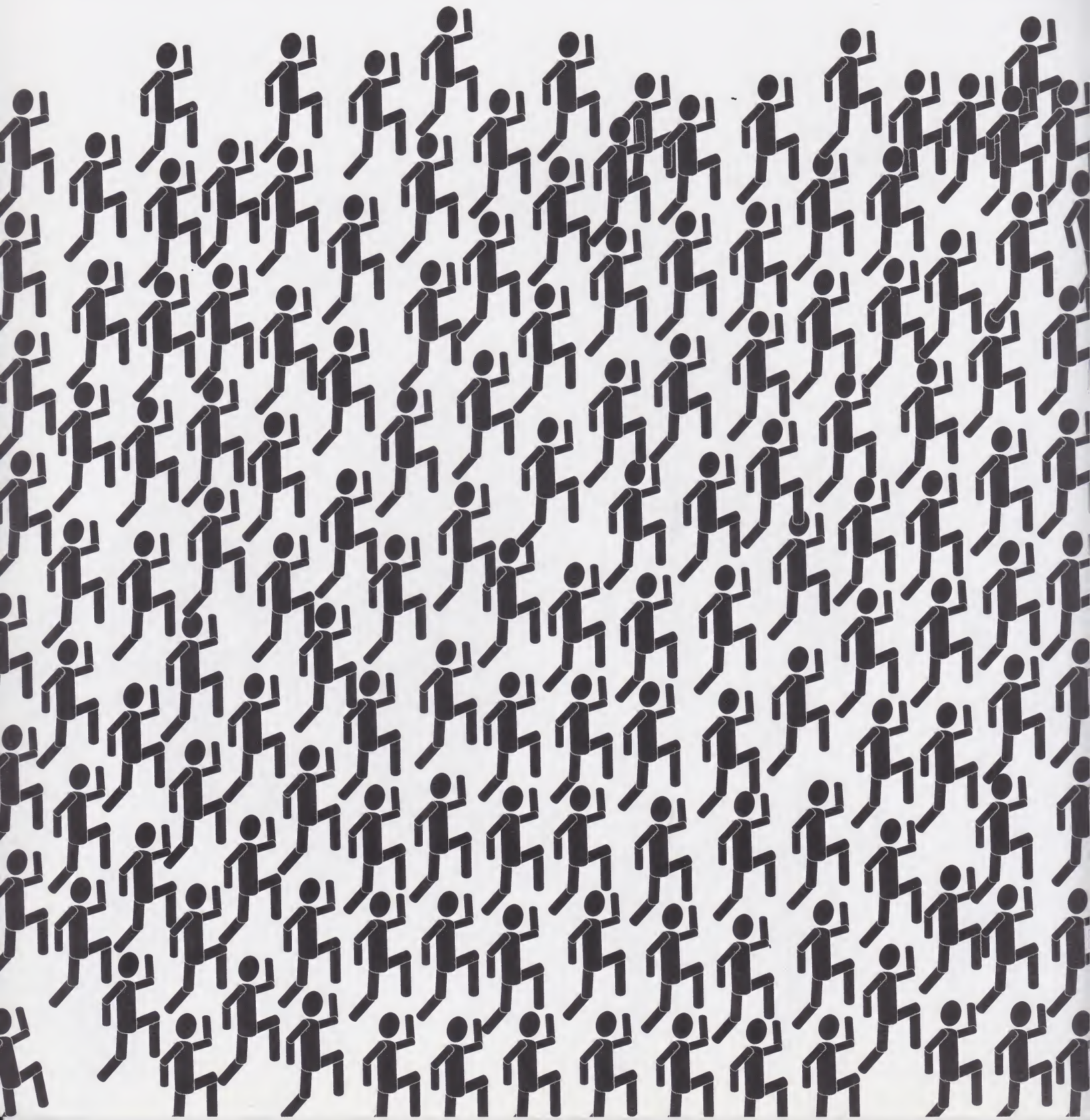
[Fig. 7]

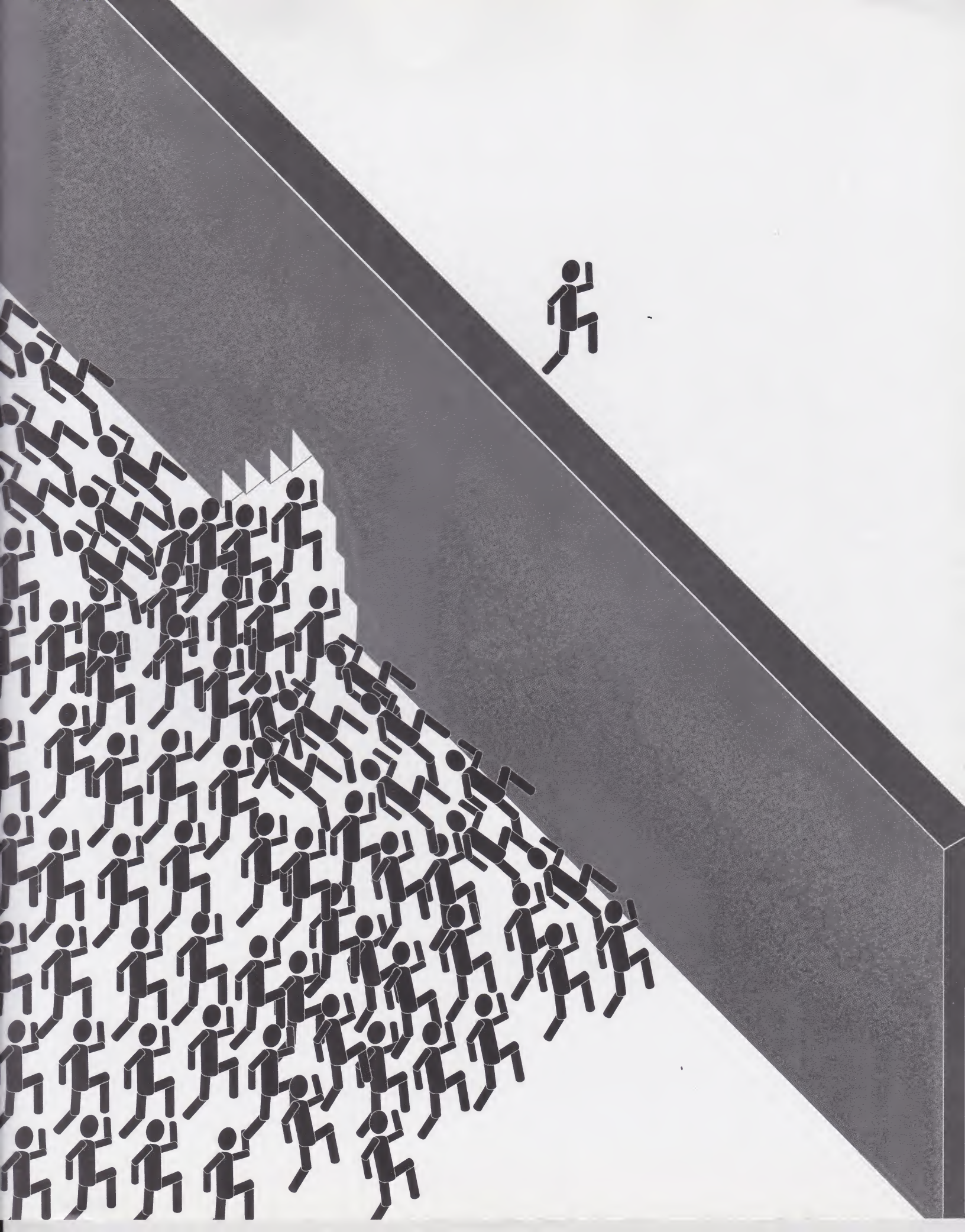
This is a picture of Dorothy and Darwin Two – in disguise, of course – resting in the Small-Pole Shelter the morning after the Multiplex Cinema burned down. A spectacular fire lasting throughout the night and spreading to neighboring buildings. Several of the mounted ad screens were also destroyed, a hugely fulfilling sight: blue and white electrical sparks exploding from the screens as they burned, the prancing images and the music suddenly eliminated, the blank screens crashing to the ground. Did I say I wasn't dangerous? I may have lied. Independent thought and action is always dangerous. Illumination, of any sort, is dangerous. And fire, in particular, can be cleansing. ☛

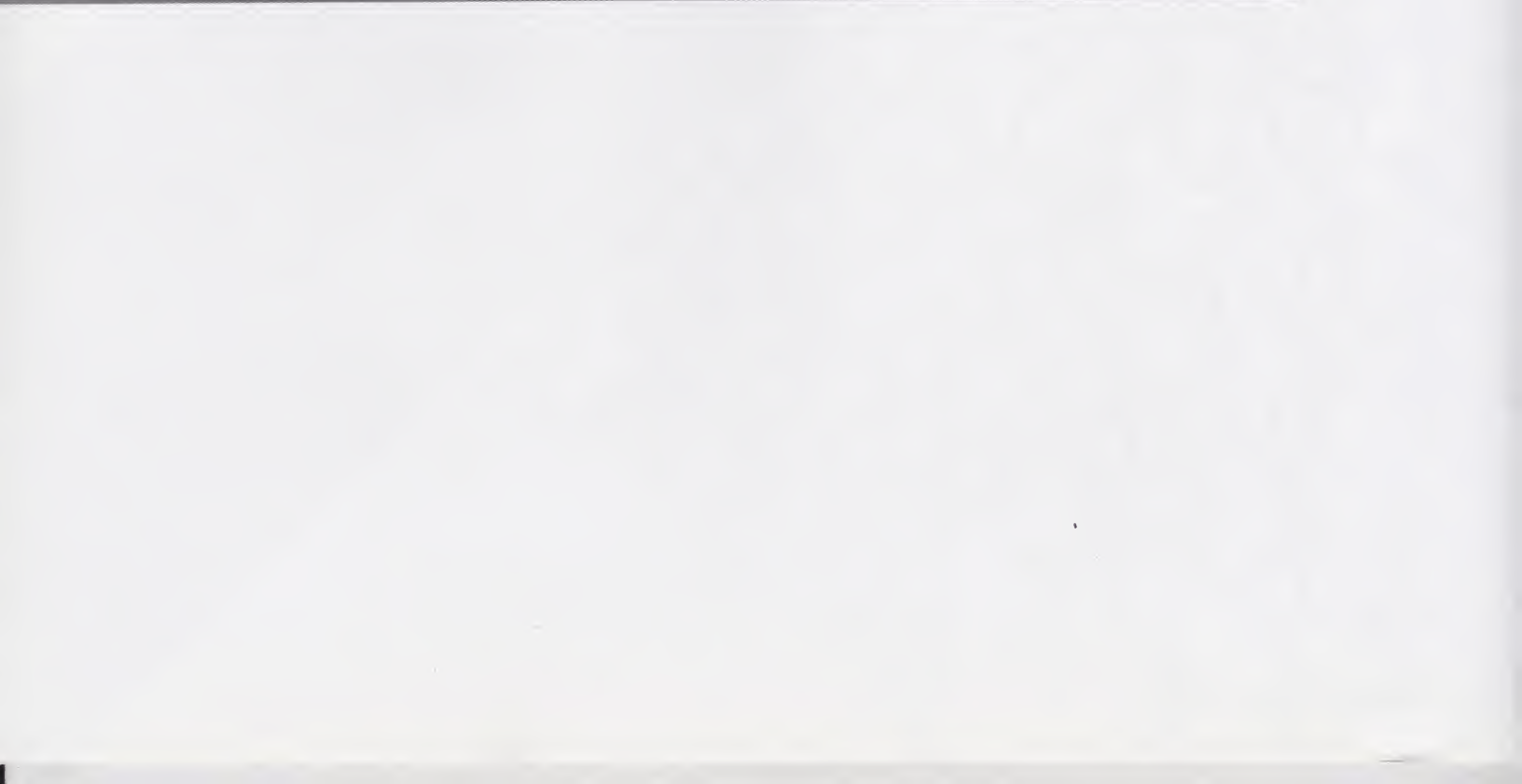
















The Imperialism of Everyday Life

WE CANNOT CONFIRM THE DENIAL

VIOLENCE, EVEN TERROR, ALWAYS EXISTS ON THE PERIPHERY of empire. They are the means by which empire is consolidated, defended, extended. Similarly, empire must respond to attack, or its basis is forfeit. All that is new about September 11 is that it didn't occur on a distant horizon. It was as if Rome had been attacked 2,000 years ago, at the height of its power.

The heartland of empire has a vast and ever-present meaning separable, and inseparable, from those twin towers in Manhattan. Everyday existence, under the sign of the capital and technology that the World Trade Center represented, also cries out.

We live in a culture of increasing emptiness; there is a vacuum at the heart of our empire. Epidemics of illegal drugs succeed one another, while tens of millions, including children as young as two, need antidepressants to get through the day. A great hunger exists for anesthesia in the face of emotional devastation and loss. Everyone knows that something is missing, that meaning and value are steadily being leached out of daily life, along with its very texture.

"The less people really live – or perhaps more correctly, the more they become aware that they haven't really lived – the more abrupt and frightening death becomes for them, and the more it appears as a terrible accident." Theodor Adorno's observation of decades ago seems even more pertinent today. Exploding jetliners and anthrax can terrify; meanwhile a

much deeper crisis triggers a far more pervasive and fundamental fear.

The empire is global. There is nowhere to go to escape its corrosive barrenness. Frederic Jameson reminded us that we live in the most standardized society that has ever existed. In *Global Soul*, the peripatetic Pico Iyer ups the ante, meditating on how the whole world now tends towards a universal sameness. A global unity of alienness, of disorientation and disconnection, destined to resemble a mall or an airport. People now dress alike in every major city in the world. They drink Coca-Cola, and watch many of the same TV shows.

The empire's landscape of unreality and routinization grows steadily more pathological. Damage to nature and violence to the psyche compete in a postmodern culture of denial, punctuated by eruptions of the homicidal at work, at home, at school. We can expect to hear more and more alarm bells that will wake us altogether. Peaceful slumber is unthinkable.

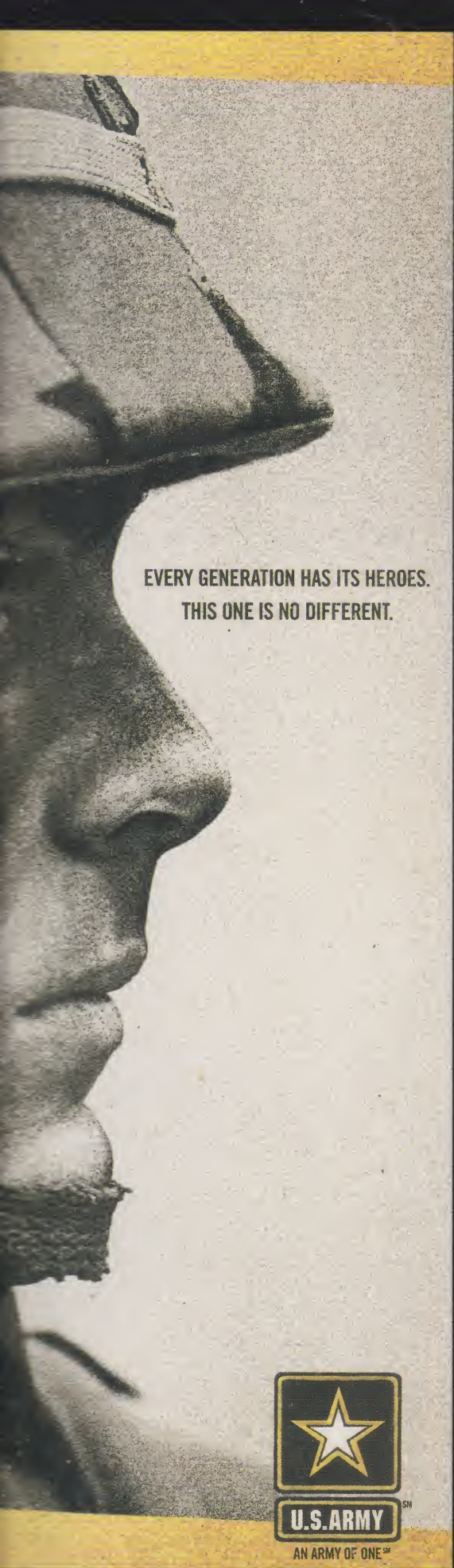
Who doesn't know, on some level, where this empire – this civilization – is taking us? Our liberation movement needs to be qualitatively different from all the failed, limited approaches of the past. Everyday life is waiting – waiting to be truly lived.

John Zerzan is a philosopher and writer in Eugene, Oregon. His latest book, *Running on Empty* (Feral House), will be released in spring.



EVERY GENERATION HAS ITS HEROES.
THIS ONE IS NO DIFFERENT.



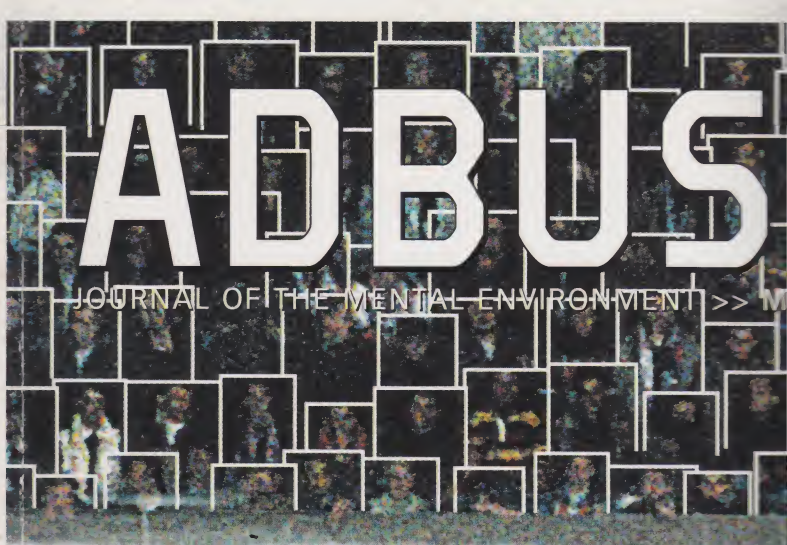


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